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THE  
LADIES'  
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

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MAY, 1827.  
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ELLEN, THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

*A Tale.*

ELLEN had been the beauty and pride of the village. Her father had once been an opulent farmer, but was reduced in circumstances; she was an only child, and brought up entirely at home, in the simplicity of rural life; and had been the pupil of the village pastor, the favourite lamb of his little flock. The good man watched over her education with parental care; it was limited, and suitable to the sphere in which she was to move; for he only sought to make her an ornament to her station in life, not to raise her above it. The tenderness and indulgence of her parents, and the exemption from all ordinary occupations, had fostered a natural grace and delicacy of character, that accorded with the fragile loveliness of her form. She appeared like some tender plant of the garden, blooming accidentally amid the hardier natives of the fields.

The superiority of her charms was felt and acknowledged by her companions, but without envy; for it was surpassed by the unassuming gentleness and winning kindness of her manners. It might be truly said of her—

“ This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever  
Ran on the green sward; nothing she does or seems,  
But smacks of something greater than herself;  
Too noble for this place.”

Among her admirers, on one May-day, was a young officer, whose regiment had been recently quartered in the neighbourhood. The artlessness of rural habits enabled him readily to

make her acquaintance; he gradually won his way into her intimacy; and paid his court to her in that unthinking way in which young officers are too apt to trifle with rustic simplicity.

There was nothing in his advances to startle or alarm. He never even talked of love; but there are modes of making it more eloquent than language, and which convey it subtly and irresistibly to the heart. The beam of the eye, the tone of the voice, the thousand tendernesses which emanate from every word, and look, and action,—these form the true eloquence of love, and can always be felt and understood, but never described. Can we wonder that they should readily win a heart, young, guileless, and susceptible? As to her, she loved almost unconsciously; she scarcely inquired what was the growing passion that was absorbing every thought and feeling, or what were to be its consequences. She, indeed, looked not to the future. When present, his looks and words occupied her whole attention; when absent, she thought but of what had passed at their recent interview. She would wander with him through the green lanes and rural scenes in the vicinity. He taught her to see new beauties in nature; he talked in the language of polite and cultivated life, and breathed into her ear the witcheries of romance and poetry.

Perhaps there could not have been a passion between the sexes more pure than this innocent girl's. The gallant figure of her youthful admirer, and the splendour of his military attire, might at first have charmed her eye; but it was not these that had captivated her heart. Her attachment had something in it of idolatry. She looked up to him as a being of a superior order. She felt in his society the enthusiasm of a mind naturally delicate and poetical, and now first awakened to a keen perception of the beautiful and grand. Of the sordid distinctions of rank and fortune, she thought nothing; it was the difference of intellect, of demeanor, of manners, from those of the rustic society to which she had been accustomed, that elevated him in her opinion. She would listen to him with charmed ear and downcast look of mute delight, and her cheek would mantle with enthusiasm; or if ever she ventured a shy glance of timid admiration, it was as quickly withdrawn, and she would sigh and blush at the idea of her comparative unworthiness.

Her lover was equally impassioned; but his passion was mingled with feelings of a coarser nature. He had begun the connexion in levity; for he had often heard his brother officers boast of their village conquests, and thought some triumph of the kind necessary to his reputation as a man of spirit. But he was too full of youthful fervour. His heart had not yet been rendered sufficiently cold and selfish by a wandering and a dissipated life; it caught fire from the very flame it sought to kindle; and, before he was aware of the nature of his situation, he became really in love.

What was he to do? There were the old obstacles which so incessantly occur in these heedless attachments. His rank in life—the prejudices of titled connexions—his dependance upon a proud and unyielding father—all forbade him to think of matrimony; but when he looked down upon this innocent being, so tender and confiding, there was a purity in her manners and blamelessness in her life, and a beseeching modesty in her looks, that awed down every licentious feeling. In vain did he try to fortify himself by a thousand heartless examples of men of fashion; and to chill the glow of generous sentiment, with that cold derisive levity with which he had heard them talk of female virtue; whenever he came into her presence, she was still surrounded by that mysterious, but impressive, charm of virgin purity, in whose hallowed sphere no guilty thought can live.

The sudden arrival of orders for the regiment to repair to the Continent completed the confusion of his mind. He remained, for a short time, in a state of the most painful irresolution; he hesitated to communicate the tidings, until the day for marching was at hand; when he gave her the intelligence in the course of an evening ramble.

The idea of parting had never before occurred to her. It broke in at once upon her dream of felicity; she looked upon it as a sudden and insurmountable evil, and wept with the guileless simplicity of a child. He drew her to his bosom, and kissed the tears from her soft cheek; nor did he meet with a repulse; for there are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection. He was naturally impetuous: and the sight of beauty, apparently yielding in his arms, the confidence of his power over her, and the dread of losing her for ever, all conspired to overwhelm



his better feelings—he ventured to propose that she should leave her home, and be the companion of his fortunes.

He was quite a novice in seduction, and blushed and faltered at his own baseness; but so innocent of mind was this intended victim, that she was at first at a loss to comprehend his meaning, and why she should leave her native village, and the humble roof of her parents. When at last the nature of his proposal flashed upon her pure mind, the effect was withering. She did not weep; she did not break forth into reproach; she said not a word; but she shrunk back aghast as from a viper; gave him a look of anguish that pierced to his very soul; and clasping her hands in agony, fled, as if for refuge, to her father's cottage.

The officer retired, confounded, humiliated, and repentant. It is uncertain what might have been the result of the conflict of his feelings, had not his thoughts been diverted by the bustle of departure. New scenes, new pleasures, and new companions, soon dissipated his self-reproach, and stifled his tenderness; yet, amidst the stir of camps, the revelries of garrisons, the array of armies, and even the din of battles, his thoughts would sometimes steal back to the scenes of rural quiet and village simplicity—the white cottage—the footpath along the silver brook and up to the hawthorn hedge,—and the little village-maid loitering along it leaning on his arm, and listening to him with eyes beaming with unconscious affection.

The shock which the poor girl had received, in the destruction of all her ideal world, had indeed been cruel. Faintings and hysterics had at first shaken her tender frame, and were succeeded by a settled and pining melancholy. She had beheld from her window the march of the departing troops. She had seen her faithless lover borne off as if in triumph, amidst the sound of drum, trumpet, and the pomp of arms. She strained a last aching gaze after him, as the morning sun glittered about his figure, and his plume waved in the breeze: he passed away like a bright vision from her sight, and left her all in darkness.

It would be trite to dwell on the particulars of her after story. It was like other tales of love melancholy. She avoided society, and wandered out alone in the walks she had most frequented with her lover. She sought, like the stricken deer,



to weep in silence and loneliness, and brood over the barbed sorrow that rankled in her soul. Sometimes she would be seen late of an evening sitting in the porch of the village church; and the milkmaids, returning from the fields, would now and then overhear her, singing some plaintive ditty in the hawthorn walk. She became fervent in her devotions at church; and as the old people saw her approach, so wasted away, yet with a hectic bloom, and that hallowed air which melancholy diffuses round the form, they would make way for her, as for something spiritual, and, looking after her, would shake their heads in gloomy foreboding.

She felt a conviction that she was hastening to the tomb, but looked forward to it as a place of rest. The silver cord that had bound her to existence was loosed, and there seemed to be no more pleasure under the sun. If ever her gentle bosom had entertained resentment against her lover, it was extinguished. She was incapable of angry passions; and in a moment of saddened tenderness, she penned him a farewell letter. It was couched in the simplest language; but touching from its very simplicity. She told him that she was dying, and did not conceal from him that his conduct was the cause. She even depicted the sufferings she had experienced; but concluded with saying, that she could not die in peace, until she had sent him her forgiveness and her blessing.

By degrees, her strength declined, that she could no longer leave the cottage. She could only totter to the window, where, propped up in her chair, it was her enjoyment to sit all day and look out upon the landscape. Still she uttered no complaint, nor imparted to any one the malady that was preying on her heart. *She never even mentioned her lover's name; but would lay her head on her mother's bosom and weep in silence.* Her poor parents hung in mute anxiety over this fading blossom of their hopes, still flattering themselves that it might again revive to freshness, and that the bright unearthly bloom which sometimes flushed her cheeks, might be the promise of returning health.

In this way she was seated between them one Sunday afternoon; her hands were clasped in theirs, the lattice was thrown open, and the soft air that stole in, brought with it the fragrance of the clustering honeysuckle which her own hands had trained round the window.

Her father had just been reading a chapter in the Bible; it spoke of the vanity of worldly things, and of the joys of heaven; it seemed to have diffused comfort and serenity through her bosom. Her eye was fixed on the distant village church; the bell had tolled for the evening service; the last villager was lagging into the porch; and every thing had sunk into that hallowed stillness peculiar to the day of rest. Her parents were gazing on her with yearning hearts. Sickness and sorrow, which pass so roughly over some faces, had given to hers the expression of a seraph's. A tear trembled in her soft blue eye. Was she thinking of her faithless lover? or, were her thoughts wandering to that distant church-yard, into whose bosom she might soon be gathered?

Suddenly the clang of hoofs was heard—a horseman galloped to the cottage—he dismounted before the window—the poor girl gave a faint exclamation, and sunk back in her chair; it was her repentant lover! He rushed into the house, and flew to clasp her to his bosom; but her wasted form—her death-like countenance—so wan, yet so lovely in its desolation,—smote him to the soul, and he threw himself in an agony at her feet. She was too faint to rise—she attempted to extend her trembling hand—her lips moved as if she spoke, but no word was articulated—she looked down upon him with a smile of unutterable tenderness, and closed her eyes for ever.

D. D.

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MAY.

Now the tree-tops are be-snowed  
With the blossom's gorgeous load,  
And the forest's verdant pall  
Shrouds the missel in her hall;  
In the hawthorn's pleasant boughs,  
Where a thousand blithe birds house:  
Now the meadows are brimful  
Of all flowers that children pull,  
Saxifrages, cardamines,  
Kingcup which in deep gold shines;  
Dandelion with globe of down,  
The school-boy's clock in ev'ry town,  
Which the truant puffs amain  
To conjure lost hours back again.

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CHARLES L——.  
A TALE OF UNREQUITED LOVE.

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"For it is a true rule, that love is either rewarded with the reciprocal, or with an inward or secret contempt."

BACON.

It may seem strange that one should seek a motto for a love story from the works of Lord Bacon; yet so true is the theory laid down, and so completely and sadly exemplified by the circumstances I am going to relate, that I do not know that I could have chosen a better.

When I first knew Charles L——, at College, he was such a one as every body loves;—studious, without the least particle of pedantry; generally serious, yet never morose; sometimes very lively, but never rushing into that madness of the spirits, which is the curse of young men at the universities. We were much attached to one another, and many a walk we used to take together, discussing our future plans of life, and indulging in those romantic dreams which a little experience of the world soon shewed us were, but

"The children of an idle brain,  
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;  
Which is as thin as substance of the air,  
And more inconstant than the wind who waves  
Even now the frozen bosom of the North,  
And, being angered, puffs away from thence  
Turning his face to the dew-dropping South."

I left him at College; and, though we sometimes corresponded, I did not see him until two years after. It was a beautiful summer's evening, when, as I was standing on the Terrace at Richmond, gazing with delight on the glorious prospects which it affords, I perceived Charles L—— walking past me, at a slow pace; his hands clasped behind him, and his eyes bent on the ground. He was so absorbed in his own feelings, that he did not hear me when I called to him; but when I went up to him, and took him by the hand, he received me with expressions of joy that were almost extravagant. Tears stood in his eyes while he expressed in rapid and broken sentences his joy at meeting me—he told me he had come to London to be entered at the Temple; and, when the summer came, he had taken lodgings here.—"I thought," said I, "you would have been



glad to get home to your uncle's, and rusticate awhile beneath his shady oaks,

*"Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis  
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblevia vitæ."*—

"Yes," said he, "so I should, but—I like this place; besides, there is a family living here, old friends of my uncle's, to whom he gave me an introduction, and I find their society very pleasant—you must go with me there; I have promised to be with them at eight o'clock, and was just on my way."—I mentioned to him that it was not yet seven, and I saw, as it were, a cloud come over his brow when he heard it was so early.—We walked about until the appointed hour, when, as the clock struck, we entered one of the most delightful cottages I ever saw in my life. The little garden, in front, was particularly striking for the elegance of its arrangement and the beauty of the shrubs and flowers which adorned it.—"Your friend," said I, "Charles, must have a most exquisite taste for gardening." "Ah!" he replied, "wait till you have seen her, to whose superintendence it is indebted; you will not then be surprised that it should be so beautiful, and that the very flowers should look more lovely in such care."—My friend's introduction procured me a very kind reception from a nice old gentleman, who laid down his book as we went in; a polite speech from a very good looking old lady who sat opposite, and a most graceful bend of acknowledgment from a most beautiful young lady who shut up her volume of *Metastazio* as we approached.

The old gentleman found out that he knew some of my family, and we soon got into conversation, which was, however, interrupted by Charles, who insisted on my coming to tell Miss R. how much I admired her garden.—"I think," said she, "Mr.— had better chuse some more worthy theme; for, in truth, you have exhausted compliment on that subject." There was something in the tone in which this was said, which plainly informed me that poor Charles's admiration was not "rewarded with the reciprocal,"—but he did not feel it: he looked in her face, and there he saw nothing but beauty; and as he listened to her voice, he recognized nothing but melody; and thus with trembling ecstacy quaffed the delicious draught which was to be the poison of his future happiness. Miss R. was, indeed, almost faultlessly beautiful, both in face and form, and almost perfect in a variety of feminine accomplishments; yet I thought there

appeared something like a want of heart in all she did—she sung and played delightfully, yet I saw that whilst Charles hung enraptured over her music, she seemed as if she sung only because her father wished it; and one could not help feeling that the exquisite taste she displayed in her performance, was more the effect of habit, than that of any feeling associated with the sweet sound which she brought forth.—I trembled for poor Charles's happiness.—“There is no love here,” thought I, “at least, for him.”

He had scarcely got beyond the garden, on our way home, when he eagerly asked my opinion of Miss R. “I think she is eminently gifted by nature, and so improved by education, that I do not very much wonder you should have fallen in love: 'tis quite evident, Charles, your heart is gone from you.”—“Yes, yes,” said he; “it is.—I have longed for some one to open my whole soul to, and to you, my friend, I may confess that I am deeply, passionately in love with her; I can think of nothing else; my whole life is nothing but a dream in which she is ever present;—every thing that I see, hear, and feel, is referred, in some way, to her; and her beauty and gracefulness hover for ever before the eye of my imagination, whether sleeping or waking.” “You speak very vehemently, Charles,” said I, “are you sure you do not give yourself too much up to this passion?—have you, may I venture to ask, any idea of what return is made to this violent attachment?” His voice fell immediately from its tone of high excitement, and in a kind of melancholy whisper, he told me, that he sometimes had moments of terrible despair on that subject; but that he could not bear long to look at the agonizing possibility of his never being able to obtain the object of his wishes—“and then,” said he, “her father always welcomes me to the house; and when I come into her presence, I am so happy, that I forget my fears.”—“Ah! Charles,” I replied, “you have been too heedless; you should have known more ere you gave yourself up so entirely to

“Love, who leaves, where'er he lights,

A chilled or burning heart behind:”

“but good night, I shall reason with you again about this matter.”—“Good night,” said he,—“I go to dream of Louisa.”

As I considered the events of the evening, I could not help thinking that there was certainly something unusual in the man-

ner of Miss. R. "It is impossible," thought I, "that, without a cause, she can be so indifferent to the devotedness of my friend as appearances would indicate.—He possesses almost every qualification that one would consider likely to inspire affection.—Perhaps this is only a manner assumed to conceal sentiments that feminine pride would not wish to be too soon discovered:—but no,—it cannot be,—there is a something in love that will not be entirely concealed, and of this there was not the slightest trace in her deportment towards Charles.

The next morning dispelled all uncertainty—she loved another.—Happening to call on a friend in the neighbourhood, and mentioning where I had been the preceding evening, I found he was well acquainted with the family.—From him I ascertained that a young officer had been paying his addresses to Miss. R. and, he believed, was very well received by her, and not discouraged by her father, until the latter, finding out some gross immorality in the conduct of the young gentleman, insisted on his visits being discontinued; and had removed his family to Richmond, that his daughter might be more out of the way of the attentions of one who had got too strong a hold on her affections to be easily rooted out. "Alas!" thought I, "here is the end of poor Charles's hopes; he must be cured of the passion, or he is lost for ever.—During the month that I remained near Richmond, I reasoned with him daily on the subject;—but it was all in vain.—There was a consuming fire of passion within his heart that would not be quenched. I had, during this time, grown almost intimate in Mr. R.'s family, and one day I ventured to speak to Miss R. about my friend. I spoke of his great abilities, of his success at College, of his amiable qualities, and domestic virtues. She assented to all, and shewed even a greater acquaintance with the extent of my friend's information, on various subjects, than I could have supposed her female education would have rendered her capable of appreciating: but still, even in her acknowledgment of his powers of conversation and agreeable qualities, there appeared to me a something of that "inward or secret contempt," that forbade all hope of her ever loving him.

I soon after lost sight of poor Charles L—: the remainder of his sad history, I have collected from his letters, and the minute enquiries which I made concerning him.

With the permission of Miss R.'s father, it appears he, soon



after, made a declaration of his passion to her, and met with a decided, and, as some say, a scornful, refusal. I should hardly have thought that the latter was in her nature; but, if she supposed he was encouraged to such a declaration by her family, who had separated her from her former lover, it is hard to say to what a wounded pride might have prompted her.—Poor Charles's mind was sadly disordered by the sudden destruction of all his fondest hopes.—His heart, heretofore entirely occupied by his unfortunate passion, became utterly desolate.—He strayed about without any defined object of pursuit, his meals were neglected, and the hour for going to rest frequently found him wandering in the fields far from any human habitation.

The peremptory refusal of Miss R. was, of course, disapproved of by her family, and, perhaps, led to some chidings on their part which induced her the more readily to the step which she took not long after. The regiment of her lover being ordered to Ireland, he came to the neighbourhood to see her, if possible, before his departure. His efforts proved successful; and, after some time, he prevailed on her to elope with him.—The fugitives were traced to London, where, it was discovered, they had been clandestinely married, and had afterwards set off for Ireland. When Charles was informed of her flight, a sudden calm seemed to come upon him; which was almost more frightful than his former wildness. He asked leave to accompany her father in the pursuit, and his services were accepted.—During the journey he scarcely spoke a word, except to urge the postillions to greater speed; and when Mr. R. announced his determination to follow his daughter to Ireland, Charles still resolved to accompany him.

Having learned that Captain M. and his lady had gone to the County of Wicklow, hither they followed, and soon found their residence. They reached the house just as the objects of their search were returning from a walk.—When Louisa saw her father, she uttered a piercing shriek, and rushed into the house. Captain M. turning about, "Villain!" said the old man, "what have you done?"—"However indignant I may be, sir, at such an expression," said he, "to you I cannot resent it.—No other man should dare to use such language to me." "I—I dare sir," said Charles: "I call you villain."

The subsequent events of such language, it would be superfluous to mention.—Suffice it to say, as the consequence, the

parties met at day-break, the next morning. A ball from his antagonist's pistol passed through the collar of Charles's coat without injury to him. He discharged his own pistol in the air. "Fire again, sir," said he, "I am ready."—"I cannot, until you fire at me," said Captain M. "That I shall not do," said Charles: "I had no right to use the expression I did towards you: despair has rendered me mad."

Retiring from the ground, uninjured, save in feelings, they separated; but poor Charles was never seen more alive.—I have since visited the place where he terminated his existence and his sorrow.—It was a wild and gloomy lake; closed in, except at one narrow pass, by lofty and overhanging hills.—Just opposite to the opening, the cliff rises to an immense height and frowns over the dark waters, which, even in the brightest time of the year, dash against the opposing banks with a chilling and gloomy murmur. His footsteps were traced along the precipitous and dangerous path which leads to the summit of the cliff: the marks of his knees were visible in the path at the extreme point.

A man who had passed that way, said he heard the plunge, but life must have been almost extinct before he reached the water.

He was buried in a little rural church-yard near the fatal place.

X. X.

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#### HENRY THE IV. OF FRANCE.

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Just before the battle of Ivry some of his officers remonstrated with this monarch on the necessity of providing a retreat before the battle began. "It ought to be always," they said, "the first care of a general, and especially in his circumstances, because his forces were so much inferior to those of the enemy." "We agree in opinion, gentlemen," cried he, "I have provided a retreat, but it is on the field of battle that we shall find it." Words sufficiently indicative of his intention to conquer or perish.

## SCENES IN THE EAST.

(Concluded from page 223.)

TURNING from the Valley of Mourning, the country appeared in more abundant cultivation than on the other side of the city of Hafiz; and stretched, far to the East, in vineyard, harvest, and rural scenery.—The grapes here grow to a size and fulness hardly to be matched in other climates; and the juice expressed from them, produces the celebrated wine of the East, called Shiraz—the Pierian spring of its poets in elder days; the deleterious draught, which maddened so many princes, native of the soil, and also foreign conquerors, to the commission of Persia's blackest catalogue of royal crimes. But whatever may have been the properties of the vine in those times, when its juice was a privileged beverage, and the clustering vineyard draperied every hill; it is now seen only in beautiful remnants of what it was; and its inebriating nectar, tasted with the stealth of a forbidden-fruit.—The Armenians of the province are the only persons who venture the manufacture; and, hence, the only sellers of what they have made.—But I do not say, they never find Mahometan purchasers;—quite the reverse.—As Romeo stole by night to the chamber of his bride, so these convivial Musselmauns, enamoured of the mirth-bestowing liquor, creep in the dark to the door of some well-known secret vender of the commodity; and ringing a bell, on being opened to, they present an empty bottle and a piece of money. No question is asked by the portress, (for a woman generally attends;) and immediately exchanging the empty vessel for a full one, she takes the money; and the happy, carouse-meditating buyer, slinks off to his place of jolly rendezvous!

But when I tasted this delicious wine-cup, it was not in the society of the interdicted; and, I must honestly own, that I should not have enjoyed it, in a company who I knew at every quaff must have felt they were committing a daring impiety.—I drank Shiraz at the little social board of a worthy Armenian and his family; and it seemed as if I were with a patriarch of old, whose pleasure in life was hospitality, while his ultimate aim was contentment and peace.—The table was spread with delightful fruits, sweetmeats, perfumed cakes, and



the flat sort of wheaten-bread peculiar to the East; and the wine was presented to me by a lovely little girl, who might well have been mistaken for Cupid in disguise.—The cup was amber, carved most curiously with vine-leaves.—The patriarch told me, it had been brought into the country by his own family, when transplanted from Armenia, (a few hundred years ago!) by Shah Abbas the Great;—and, once a year, on the anniversary of that day of emigration, he fills the cup to the brim, and pours it on the ground;—a libation to the memory of his ancestors.—On tasting the wine, I found it rather sweet, and yet of the flavour of the best dry Madeira; its appearance, too, resembles it, being of a clear bright topaz hue. But this is the choice Shiraz, I am describing;—there are inferior vintages, muddy, sour, and bitter.—Of course, the price you offer, explains the quality you mean to purchase.—This that I drank was from my host's own vineyard and wine-press; and none could be more excellent.—He was eloquent in his praises of the delightful vale, where his lovely family were born to him; and where he now hoped to have his bones buried.—In his youth he had travelled into Armenia, to see the native, deserted cities of his ancestors; and then he had wished to win their posterity back to their hereditary seats, or to remain, and die there!—But now, he had been many years married in the land of his nation's exile; he had sons and daughters around him:—and he felt, that here was his *menzil* (his resting-place) till he should be called to an "eternal city;"—and, his next prayer was, to find a peaceful grave in the garden of his happy home!—I saw the cypress he had planted, to one day overshadow it.

He told me, that Shiraz is generally esteemed the most temperate climate in the southern division of the Persian empire; that its summer noons, are certainly warmer than is quite pleasant; but the mornings and evenings are delightful.—I felt this at the moment; for never could a more balmy evening breathe serenity over the air, and softness on the landscape, than that which then wrapt my senses in the most delicious enjoyment!—I saw the earth, covered with the gathered harvest in one part; and in another, all the abundance of flowers and fruits.—He told me, that the vales of *Ouroomia* and of *Salmos*, regions near his own Armenia, are the only places in the empire, that can compare with Shiraz, and its autumnal bounties.

This luxuriant account of the land of Hafiz, may appear rather inconsistent with my first impression, on approaching it from the north-western hills.—But anticipating the umbrageous avenues, which, in former years, led in different directions to the city; and first descrying only the wide unshaded expanse around its walls, the disappointment struck me with the image of comparative barrenness.—But though the lofty, forest-like groves, had disappeared; yet the humbler orchard-trees still maintained their ground, and with thickets of fragrant flowering shrubs, canopied the earth.—And thus fortunate in fruits and flowers, I had only to cast my eye on the lovely daughters of my host, (three in number,) to subscribe to the proverb, that “Shiraz gives birth to virgins, beautiful as the rose!”—Its poet tells us “that their eyes are brighter than the antelope’s; with hair, clustering like dark grapes; and their breath more musky-sweet than the flower of love!”—So Hafiz termed the rose; and, assuredly the rose-water of Shiraz, is particularly fine and odorous. They sprinkle it at marriage-feasts on the hands of the bride, as emblematic of the sweetness of her temper.—My host told me some strange legends of this beautiful flower, besides the noted one of the nightingale being enamoured of her loveliness; and, after our repast, he took me to a spot connected with one of his stories.

On leaving his charming garden, we descended into a narrow winding valley; and soon arrived at a clear, and copious spring; the ripple and lucidity of which might well excuse the dream of a celestial nymph in the fountain, and that her smile shone in the dancing waters.—Just over this delightful spring, an extraordinary piece of ancient sculpture, cut in the native rock, presented itself.—It consisted of two figures, far larger than life, but when viewed at a due distance, the proportions were admirable.—One of the figures was that of a woman, apparently young, with a graceful form, and clothed in drapery of a peculiar lightness and delicacy; a large veil, modestly held by her left hand, envelopes her figure, while her right is stretched out towards a male personage opposite to her; as if she were repelling from her, the offer of a flaming heart.—His dress wore the badges of royalty. While admiring the fine chiseling of these secluded specimens of ages long gone by, my host related the tradition respecting them; calling it,

## THE BIRTH OF THE ROSE!

And I ought to have premised, that the fountain was shaded by a perfect tapestry of that beautiful flower; hanging in boughs over the sculptured rock, and strewing the water below with the scattering leaves.—But to my tale, and as nearly as I can, in the quaint, and simple phraseology of the narrator.—“This damsel (said he,) was a fair princess of the city of Shiraz, in the dark days of the Guebre worship. Its plains were then full of woods delectable to the eye, but the high points of the rocks were barren; for fire burnt there continually, to the sun, and the seven stars of his rising. Shiraz was then a great city, long, and narrow, and well-walled; and it had many towers, and pinnacles, and costly dwellings, where damsels looked out on the passers-by; and were not then had to punishment, when a stranger chanced to look on them. But it fell out, that a fair palace of white marble once stood on this very spot, now called “the Fountain of the Rose,” and this spring watered it. And to this palace the young princess of Shiraz used to repair at certain seasons alone with her damsels, to perform some holy vows. But it happened, that her father, the Prince of the city, had heard a tale of his fair daughter, that covered him with shame. It was told to him, that a fine young prince from a far country, had been seen wandering about the hills in the vicinity of the virgin palace; and that, finally, he had been descried one day leaping from the window of the chamber of the matchless Elzaide! The princess had been dishonoured! Such was the belief of her royal parent; and her condemnation ensued. Her lover could not be found; and Elzaide protested, no such being existed. But there were several of her own attendants, who swore to the fact; and her doom was, to be burnt to death, on the spot of her crime. Accordingly, the fire altar was laid on a platform of the rock just above the spring head. The palace was previously levelled to the ground; and swept away, as if a stone had never stood there. Elzaide, calmly protesting her innocence, was brought to the fatal place. She was robed as you see her, in that sculpture. Her father, himself, tied her hands, and bound her to the stake; and then lit the blaze. As it ascended around her, she lifted up her eyes, and her voice to heaven, and exclaimed—‘King of purity and light, oh, sun! if I am innocent, save me now, for the sake of my sex, whose



virgin spotlessness I have never stained!—If I am guilty of defilement, let me perish!

“And when she had thus said she waved her hands in the fire, which clipt her round like a garment, but never burnt a hair of her head; and, anon, the flames seemed to divide, and to take strange forms; extinguishing their burning, one division becoming a grove of red roses, and the other a thicket of white roses; and the maiden, sinking on the latter, which lay under her like a soft bed of moss, began to weep, and to thank the pure spirit of Mithra, which had so borne witness of her innocence. These were the first red and white roses that man ever saw, and therefore this fountain bears the name of their birth.”

“And is that the end of the story?” I inquired: “what is that man on the rock, doing with the burning heart?” My host told me, it had a sequel, and it was as follows.—“The holder of the heart was the very young prince from the far country, who had actually been seen hovering about the retirement of the beautiful Elzaide; and he, too, had as assuredly visited her chamber; but it was when she was absent from it; and he did so for the sole pleasure of kissing the print of her footsteps, just before he was obliged to quit the country. He had only casually visited it in disguise; but he was soon to return, in the full splendour of his father’s kingdom at Ecbatana, and woo her of her royal parent. Just as she was taken from the bed of roses, in her father’s arms, who was proclaiming her blameless, before all his court, the prince arrived; and his train of magnificence filled the whole plain of Shiraz. But his heart was the treasure he proffered to the matchless Elzaide; and, first, refusing it, in maidenly modesty; and then accepting it, as the especial gift of the luminous power, which had saved her from the death, to which concealed love had so nearly devoted her; she became the bride of the good prince Issunder of Ecbatana; and before he took her from her native land, he had the record of her virtue, and its reward, commemorated on this hewn stone!”

So concluded the venerable Armenian; and after taking a sketch of the scene, I returned with him to his own simple home.

D.

## HANDEL.

THOUGH of a very robust and uncouth external appearance, yet had such a remarkable irritability of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before Handel arrived. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from his irascibility of temper, stole in the orchestra on a night when the late Prince of Wales was to be present at the performance of a new Oratorio, and untuned all the instruments, some half a note, others a whole note lower than the organ. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning *conspirato*; but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle-drum, which he threw with such violence at the head of the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig by the effort:—without waiting to replace it, he advanced, bare-headed, to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choaked, with passion, that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude, he stood staring and stamping for some minutes, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed on to resume his seat, till the Prince went personally to appease his wrath, which he with great difficulty accomplished.

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## MEMORY.

WILLIAM LYON, a strolling player, performed in the year 1748, at Edinburgh, and was a most excellent representative of Gibby, in the Wonder—this man was himself a wonder, remarkable for strength of memory, of which he gave the following surprising instance. One evening, he wagered a crown bowl of punch, that next morning at the rehearsal he would repeat a Daily Advertiser from beginning to end. At the rehearsal his opponent reminded him of his wager, imagining, as he was drunk the night before, that he certainly must have forgot it, and rallied him on his ridiculous bragging of his memory. Lyon very coolly produced the paper, handed it to his adversary, and, notwithstanding the little connexion between the paragraphs, the variety of advertisements, and the general chaos, repeated it from beginning to end, without the least hesitation or mistake.

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MODERN CHIVALRY.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF REDWOOD.

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"But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or the body—and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low—Oh, my leddy, then it is na what we hae dune for ourself, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly."—*Heart of Midlothian*.

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THE assertion that a tale is founded on fact, is a pious fraud of story-tellers, too stale to impose on any but the very young, or very credulous. We hope, therefore, not to be suspected of resorting to an expedient that would expose our poverty without relieving it, when we declare that the leading incidents of the following tale are true—that they form, in that district of country where some of the circumstances transpired, a favourite and well-authenticated tradition—and that our hero boasts with well-earned self-complacency, that there is no name better known than his from 'Cape May to the head of Elk.' That name, however, honourable as it is, must be suppressed, and we here honestly beg the possessor's pardon for compelling him, for the first time in his life, to figure under false colours.

In the year 1768, an American vessel lying in the Thames, and bound to Oxford, a small sea-port on the eastern shore of Maryland, was hailed by a boat containing a youth, who, on presenting himself to the captain, stated that he had a fancy for a sailor's life, and offered his services for two years, on the simple condition of kind treatment. The captain, though himself a coarse, illiterate man, perceived in the air and language of the lad indications of good breeding, and deeming him some disobedient child, or possibly a runaway apprentice, declined receiving him. But William Herion, as he called himself, was so earnest in his solicitations, and engaging in his manners, and the captain withal, in pressing need of a cabin-boy, that he waved his scruples, quieted his conscience with the old opiate, that it was best not to be more nice than wise, and without inquiring too curiously into the boy's right of self-disposal, drew up some indentures, by which he entitled himself to two years' service.



The boy was observed for the first day to wear a troubled countenance. His eye glanced around with incessant restlessness, as if in eager search of some expected object. While the ship glided down the Thames, he gazed on the shore as if he looked for some signal on which his life depended; and when she passed Gravesend, the last point of embarkation, he wept convulsively. The captain believed him to be disturbed with remorse of conscience; the sailors, that these heart-breakings were lingerings for his native land, and all hinted their rude consolations. Soothed by their friendly effort, or by his own reflections, or perhaps following the current of youth that naturally flows to happiness, William soon became tranquil, and sometimes even gay. He kept, as the sailors said, on the fair-weather side of the captain, a testy, self-willed old man, who loved but three things in the world—his song, his glass, and his own way.

All that has been fabled of the power of music over stones and brutes, was surpassed by the effect of the lad's melting voice on the icy heart of the captain, whom forty years of absolute power had rendered as despotic as a Turkish Pacha. When their old commander blew his stiffest gale, as the sailors were wont to term his blustering passions, Will could, they said, sing him into a calm. Will of course became a doating piece to the whole ship's company. They said he was a trim-built lad, too neat and delicate a piece of workmanship for the stormy sea. They laughed at his slender fingers, fitter to manage threads than ropes, passed many jokes upon his soft blue eyes and fair round cheeks, and in their rough language expressed Sir Toby's prayer, that "Jupiter in his next commodity of hair would send the boy a beard." In the main, Will bore their jokes without flinching and returned them with even measure; but sometimes when they verged to rudeness, his rising blush or a tear stealing from his downcast eye, expressed an instinctive and unsullied modesty, whose appeal touched the best feelings of these coarse men.

The ship made a prosperous voyage, and in due time arrived off the American coast. It is a common custom with sailors to greet the first sight of land with a sacrifice to Bacchus. The natural and legalized revel was as extravagant on this, as it usually is on similar occasions. The captain, with unwonted

good humour, dealt out the liquor most liberally to the crew, and bade William sing them his best songs. Will obeyed, and song after song, and glass after glass carried them, as they said, far above high water mark. Their language and manners became intolerable to William, and he endeavoured to steal away with the intention of hiding himself in the cabin, till the revel was over. One of the sailors suspecting his design, caught him rudely and swore he would detain him in his arms. William struggled, freed himself, and darted down the companion way, the men following and shouting.

The captain stood at the entrance of the cabin-door. William sunk down at his feet terrified and exhausted, and screaming "protect me—oh! for the love of heaven, protect me."

The captain demanded the occasion of the uproar, and ordered the men to stand back. They, however, stimulated to reckless courage, and in sight of land and independence, no longer feared his authority, and they swore they would not be balked of their frolic. Poor Will, already feeling their hands upon him, clung in terror to the captain, and one fear overcoming another, confessed that his masculine dress was a disguise, and, wringing his hands with shame and anguish, supplicated protection as a helpless girl.

The sailors, touched with remorse and pity, retreated; but the brutal captain spurned the trembling suppliant with his foot, swearing a round oath that it was the first time he had been imposed on, and it should be the last. Unfortunately, the old man, priding himself on his sagacity, was as confident of his own infallibility as the most devoted Catholic is of the Pope's. This was his last voyage, and after playing Sir Oracle for forty years—to have been palpably deceived—incontrovertibly outwitted by a girl of fifteen, was a mortification his vanity could not brook. He swore he would have his revenge, and most strictly did he perform his vow. He possessed a plantation in the vicinity of Oxford; thither he conveyed the unhappy girl, and degraded her to the rank of a common servant, among the negro slaves in his kitchen.

The captain's wrath was magnified, by the stranger's persisting in refusing to disclose the motive of her deception, to reveal her family, or even to tell her name. Her new acquaintance were at a loss what to call her, till the captain's daughter, who had been

on a visit to Philadelphia, and seen the Winter's Tale performed there, bestowed on her the pretty appellative of Hermoine's lost child, Perdita.

The captain, a common case, was the severest sufferer by his own passion. His wife complained that his "venture," as she provokingly styled poor Perdita, was a useless burden on her household—"a fine lady born and bred, like feathers, and flowers, and French goods, pretty to look at, but fit for no use in the world." The captain's daughters, partially instigated by compassion, and partly by the striking contrast between the delicate graces of the stranger and their own buxom beauty, incessantly teased their father to send her back to her own country; and neighbours and acquaintances were for ever letting fall some observation on the beauty of the girl, or some allusion to her story, that was a spark of fire to the captain's gunpowder temper.

Weeks and months rolled heavily on without a dawn of hope to poor Perdita. She was too young and inexperienced herself to contrive any mode of relief, and no one was likely to undertake voluntarily the difficult enterprise of rescuing her from her thralldom. Her condition was thus forlorn, when her story came to the ears of Frank Stuart, a gallant young sailor on board the Hazard, a vessel lying in the stream off Oxford, and on the eve of sailing for Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. Frank stood deservedly high in the confidence of his commander, and on Sunday, the day preceding that appointed for the departure of the ship, he obtained leave to go on shore. His youthful imagination was excited by the story of the oppressed stranger, and he strolled along the beach in the direction of her master's plantation, in the hope of gratifying his curiosity by a glimpse of her. As he approached the house, he perceived that the front blinds were closed, and inferring thence that the family were absent, he ventured within the bounds of the plantation, and saw at no great distance from him a young female sitting on a bench beneath a tree. She leaned her head against its trunk, with an air of dejectedness and abstraction, that encouraged the young man to hope he had already attained his object. As he approached nearer, the girl started from her musings, and would have retreated to the house, but suddenly inspired, by her beauty and youth, with a resolution to devote



himself to her service, he besought her to stop for one instant and listen to him. She turned and gazed at him as if she would have perused his heart. Frankness and truth were written on his face by the finger of heaven. She could not fear any impertinence from him, and farther assured by his respectful manner, when he added, "I have something particular to say to you—but we must luff and bear away, for we are in too plain sight of the look out there," and he pointed to the house—she smiled and followed him to a more secluded part of the grounds. As soon as he was sure of being beyond observation, "Do you wish," he asked with professional directness, "to return to old England?"

She could not speak, but she clasped her hands, and the tears gushed like an opened fountain from her eyes—"you need not say any more," he exclaimed; for he felt every tear to be a word spoken to his heart.—"If you will trust me," he continued, "I swear, and so God help me as I speak the truth, I will treat you as if you were my sister. Our ship sails to-morrow morning at day-light, make a tight bundle of your rigging, and meet me at twelve o'clock to-night at the gate of the plantation. Will you trust me?"

"Heaven has sent you to me," replied the poor girl, her face brightening with hope, "and I will not fear to trust you."

They then separated—Perdita to make her few preparations, and Frank to contrive the means of executing his romantic enterprise.

Precisely at the appointed hour the parties met at the place of rendezvous. Perdita was better furnished for her voyage than could have been anticipated, from the durance she had suffered. A short notice and a scant wardrobe, were never known to oppose an obstacle to a heroine's compassing sea and land; but as we have dispensed with the facilities of fiction, we are bound to account for Perdita's being in the possession of the necessities of life, and it is due to the captain's daughter to state, that her feminine sympathy had moved her from time to time to grant generous supplies to Perdita, which our heroine did not fail to acknowledge on going away, by a letter enclosing a valuable ring.

A few whispered sentences of caution, assurance, and grati-

tude, were reciprocated by Frank and Perdita, as they bent their hasty steps to the landing-place where he had left his boat; and when he had handed her into it, and pushed from the shore on to his own element, he felt the value of the trust which this beautiful young creature had reposed in him. Never in the days of knightly deeds was there a sentiment of purer chivalry, than that which inspired the determined resolution and romantic devotion of the young sailor. He was scarcely twenty, the age of fearless project, and self confidence. How soon is the one checked by disappointments—the other humbled by experience of the infirmity of human virtue!

Stuart had not confided his designs to any of his shipmates. He was therefore obliged warily to approach the ship, and to get on board with the least possible noise. He had just time to secret Perdita amidst bales of tobacco, in the darkest place in the hold of the vessel, when a call of "all hands on deck," summoned him to duty. He was foremost at his post, and all was stir and bustle to get the vessel under way. The sails were hoisted—the anchor weighed, and all in readiness, when a signal was heard from the shore, and presently a boat filled with men seen approaching. The men proved to be Perdita's master, a sheriff, and his attendants. They produced a warrant empowering them to search the vessel. The old captain affirmed that the girl had been seen on the preceding day, talking with a young spark, who was known to have come on shore from the Hazard. In his fury he foamed at the mouth, swore he would have the runaway dead or alive, and that her aider and abettor should be given over to condign punishment. The master of the Hazard declared, that if any of his men were found guilty, he would resign them to the dealings of land law, and to prove that if there were a plot, he was quite innocent, he not only freely abandoned his vessel to the search, but himself was most diligent in the inquest. The men were called up, confronted, and examined; not one appeared more cool or unconcerned than Frank Stuart, and after every enquiry, after ransacking, as they believed, every possible place of concealment, the pursuers were compelled to withdraw, baffled and disappointed.

(To be continued.)

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THE STRANGER'S VISIT.

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PERHAPS there are few circumstances, in the pilgrimage of human life, that create (to use the newspaper phrase) a *stronger sensation* than a visit, after long absence, to the place of our birth—the scenes where our education was pursued, our affections developed, and the prominent features of our characters and fortunes stamped.

The train of feelings awakened by such an incident will, I apprehend, be found most vivid in the autumn of life, provided it is sufficiently early in that season for the subject to be untouched by the torpor of its approaching winter; for bodily infirmities and selfish anxieties impair, inevitably, the social affections. In the *spring time* of being, our emotions are evanescent, nor can the changes incident to humanity have subjected us to those strong impressions which arise from sympathy; and in the summer of our existence, we are too much engaged in action for the calmer cares of reflection. We have no time to nourish the influence of what may be termed the secondary affections, and which belong rather to our general intercourse, than to our domestic attachments. That is the season when our hearts are warmest towards the partners of our bosoms, and the children that have blest our union; but it is also the time when a kind of necessity exists for confining ourselves to the consideration of the welfare of these beloved objects, as it relates to fortune, nurture, and education, by which we become imperceptibly, and, generally, exclusively engaged to the utmost of our powers.

Our sensibility, when thus confined, is probably cherished, even when it appears subdued; for it is certain that a succeeding period arrives to every kind and well-disposed bosom, when this temporary selfishness subsides; when the cares, the ambition, the avarice, which (mingled with our better affections) produced indifference towards all, save the objects of our immediate solicitude, vanish like mists before the breeze, and we look with eagerness around to recognize the friends of our youth. Our worldly pride and increased importance, or our humiliations and misfortunes, alike give way to the remembrance of those persons and circumstances which once excited our interest and captivated our imaginations; and a lively curiosity, a tender recollection, towards all we have known or lost, succeed to the



apathy with which time, sorrow, or business, had encrusted our hearts.

Such, at least, has been the experience of many with whom I have conversed; and such were, decidedly, my own feelings, when, after a journey of near two hundred miles, and an absence of nineteen years, I found myself approaching my native place—the place where, for thirty years, I had enjoyed the common blessings, or suffered more (as I deemed) than the common sorrows of my situation and my sex; where I had loved with the pure ardour of early affection, and wept in the full agonies of early widowhood—rejoiced in the sunshine of fortune, and withered in the blight of penury.

The place of my sojourn is a busy, manufacturing town, necessarily smoky and dirty, but situated in a district of such singular beauty, as to atone, even to the eye of a stranger, for its interior defects. As I approached it, every hill, and dale, and coppice, rose to my sight with the pleasing freshness of a novelty, and yet with the endearing qualities of a recollected friend. Thoughts of the past arose like flowers in the path of memory, but their beauty was surcharged with the dews of sorrow,—they at once smiled and wept before me.

These fair images (fair even in their sadness) passed quickly away. I entered the town, and drove through lines of mean-looking streets, wondering, as I apprehended most people would do, who have lived long in the best part of London, how I had ever admired that narrow lane, or this poor row of houses. Then came the church and its church-yard—it was the same, the very same spot which had drawn my tears.—My parents—my brethren—my first-born child, and its beloved father,—all rose for a moment to my eye, to sink again into that heavy mould, which seemed to fall upon my very heart, and oppress me almost to fainting. I had been unwell for many hours, and I now felt almost dying.—“Could it be that, after this long absence, I should indeed be gathered to the dust of my kindred, in the land of my birth?”

It is certain that, however highly roused, or poignantly acute, the sufferings of the mind may be, unless some actual misfortune is pressing on the spirits, they vanish beneath those cares demanded by personal pain; so the memorials of the grave which had so lately wrought up my spirit to very agony, were forgotten when I was cheered by the voice of friendship, and relieved by the hand of skill. It happened, however, that

neither could farther restore me from the effects of a severe accident (partially recovered) than to enable me to lie on a sofa, and receive such as might remember and esteem me; for all advances on my part were impracticable.

In all trading towns the flux and re-flux of wealth is inconceivably rapid—my separation had been decided, and, except through the medium of a newspaper, I knew little of the changes of life, even as they regarded many with whom I had once been very intimate, and I almost dreaded inquiry respecting some who had sunk from their "high estate," and must now occupy a far different station than that filled by them in my early days. The question was "would they visit me?" would they, undeterred by the mortification of altered circumstances, or the mistrust which steals on the wounded spirit, come to me uninvited?

To my dying day it will be my sweetest, proudest recollection, that the friends who had experienced these reverses, whether in a state of recovery, or of suffering, did come and quickly too. They spoke as if assured of my sympathy, because they had themselves been taught in the furnace of affliction, how to melt for the woe of another: on the contrary, those who had basked in the sunshine of life, were slow in their advances, and stately even in their kindness. I was to them not necessary, for I could not add to their pleasure, nor swell their importance; therefore, beyond the condescension of a call, our intercourse was not likely to go. These persons I found singularly deficient in memory; they professed to have forgotten me, and it was not difficult to see they had forgotten themselves—ah! how many graces of their early character had vanished beneath the weighty cares of wealth, and the idle gasping for distinction with which it is connected in the little great!

I saw, however, few persons of this description; for it does not often happen, in middle life, that prosperity itself can shield us from the visitations which afflict humanity; and when a promising child had been taken, or a beloved partner was suffering, a gentle melioration of manners, a graceful bearing of the honours of life, constantly appeared; and many, long remembered and highly esteemed, thus situated, inspired me with the purest joys of sympathy. How many fond mothers proudly presented to me the sons I had seen in the cradle, or the daughters I had never heard of! It was a treat to their hearts to ask the approbation of mine, and flattering to my self-love to be

thought capable of admiring and loving: we were the pleasantest of all companions; again and again did many dear ones visit me, who brought with them new faces to awaken old affections, shewing me the *themselves* of years gone by, and making me almost believe that I could laugh and dance with them as in the days of yore.

On the other hand, often did I feel the strange and almost awful circumstance, of reading my own age in the form and face of another; and beholding an irrefragable and an existing proof of the hand of time, whether displaying in that corpulency which displaces wrinkles while it destroys grace, or that leanness, which preserves agility but eradicates beauty. Baldness sate on many a brow where hyacinthine locks once clustered, and many a sylph-like form carried weighty proofs of maturity on her expanded shoulders. Say what we may of our philosophy on these points, and sensible as our sufferings have probably made us of increasing years, and their concomitant infirmities, it is yet certain, that the change in the face we see every day is imperceptible; and the circumstance I am describing cannot fail to have on every one the effect of a death-warning—the home-felt assurance which reaches the inmost bosom, that “the day is far spent—the night is at hand.”

The greatest change, however, that I found, was in the general tone of society, which has undergone, if not an improvement, at least a mutation, so all-controlling in my native town, as to convey the idea that all large bodies, not greatly divided either in intellect or wealth, as they are in the metropolis, will rarely exist without concocting some heat and effervescence, of no very amiable quality. Formerly the many were radicals; the few, ultras; now, the many are serious, (*par excellence*;) the few, are liberal; and between them, religion, in all its best characteristics, is at a low ebb. Lines of demarcation and epithets of execration, the gloom of penance and the austerity of fanaticism, are substituted for that “law of kindness,” cheerful obedience, and universal benevolence, which fair Christianity enjoins. Whilst the exercise of intellect, the pleasures of mental amusement, and the natural buoyancy of young hearts, are denounced as sins; a spirit of malevolence is engendered, which even the works of charity fail to efface, for the heart may nourish a bad passion whilst the hands perform a good action. How truly does our Lord’s assertion apply to these people, “Ye know not what spirit ye are of.”



How much of human nature did I read, how much did I see, to touch the finest chords of the bosom,—to subdue, yet purify the heart, during the short sojourn of eighteen days, even under circumstances of confinement! One only visit did I venture upon, and it was not to the house of wealth or gaiety, neither was it to one of sorrow and penury; the day of the storm had passed by, there was a faint struggling for recovery, a hope that better times might come; a sense of the chilling frost was visible in all around, but with it a determination to be cheerful, at least for one day, lest they should wound the heart they desired to gladden. Never, never may my soul forget the moral beauty, the pure friendship, the connubial felicity, the parental solicitude, the strict propriety, the subdued feeling, and the calm delight of that hallowed day—it was worth ages of common life.

And how was all this peace, tranquillity, and comfort, obtained? how could reduced circumstances, and scanty means, with the pressure of ten children, many of whom were still very young, be compatible with the general air of gentility in all around, arising indeed chiefly from that delicacy of cleanliness, which is itself an elegance?

All, all, was the work of one lovely woman, the excellent wife, the tender mother, the prudent manager, the industrious provider. The sweetness of her temper, the equanimity and cheerfulness with which she has endured privation and awakened exertion, have sustained the heart of a husband which, in its pride and its affection, was more than commonly vulnerable to the arrows of misfortune: when the pressure of the times deprived him of his property as a merchant, she retired gladly to a lovely house and little farm, and gathered around her as fair a brood as ever mother displayed, seeking only to secure the means of life by unceasing vigilance in a new and, therefore, arduous path. What cannot fond, devoted woman perform? one, who was never beheld without admiration of her beauty (which renders society a necessity) now gladly secluded herself in solitude from morn till night; a patient, nay a cheerful, drudge, yet still carrying refinement into her labours, and destroying all that is disgusting in poverty, and degrading in humiliation. It was her hands that dressed the aged mother-in-law, whose sightless eyes were moistened with tears of delight, as she recounted her praises: “She made this excellent butter, cured this fine bacon, and cooked the fowls, therefore this must be good; she places

the myrtles in stands by my side, because I love to smell them; and she teaches every child to read to me, and wait upon me: she sees after every thing, does every thing, yet she is never too busy to cherish me and cheer me, and she is good to every living creature." Such is the conduct of a woman originally of bounded powers, and little apparent energy; but the diamond was in the ore, and misfortune was the lapidary which drew it into light. Of all my old acquaintance, not one had suffered so little from the hand of time as this excellent woman, and it is certain that sorrow had not left one line upon the polished ivory of her brow. Her light brown hair escaping from her homely, but milk-white cap, curled playfully on her brow, and her unbroken teeth were whiter than ivory—such another woman, in her fiftieth year, is not to be found in his Majesty's dominions; for seldom does so soft and delicate a bloom as her's reach beyond the twentieth summer.

To conclude this rambling essay, which, with no pretensions, save truth and feeling, will yet I trust awaken correspondent sensibilities in many bosoms, I venture strongly to recommend a journey to their native place, to numbers who spend their seasons of leisure in excursions to different watering places, in which they have no personal interest. They may depend upon finding more spirit-stirring stimulants, more heart-delighting retrospections, in thus rekindling their own early affections, in such a scene, than they can hope for from any other cause; and should they find themselves even forgotten by some whom they most fondly remember, as I did in one instance, they will be taught to cling to the kind, and the worthy, only with the stronger affection. They will catch from the reminiscences of youth, thus revived, that perception of the sweets of life in its every-day occurrences, that exhilaration of cheerfulness and play of fancy, which, like the fine odour of spring-flowers, belong to that season of life alone; and they will inevitably extend those amiable sympathies, which are at once the most virtuous propensities, and the most endearing consolations, of our existence. If even they should happen to find all old connections gone, or all hearts changed, yet would not all be lost; for they would turn with the fonder regard to their own dear home, their own beloved family, and feel, with the more gratitude to heaven, their own domestic comforts as constituting a better resting-place than that in which they commenced the journey of life; and, even under this view of the case, a stranger's visit would be well recompensed, for a thankful heart is, in itself, a blessing. B.

## SCENES ON THE SPOT;

OR,

PARIS IN 1824.

BY CHRISTOPHER CRAYON, ESQ.

(Continued from page 191.)

THE ancient city of Paris, now called *l'Isle de Cité*, seldom receives more of the traveller's attention than a cursory glance, as he passes through it to visit *Notre Dame*, and the other churches it contains; and it must be owned that its appearance does not invite a very accurate survey. Its narrow and dirty streets, where you are every moment in danger of being crushed by the carriages; the immense height of the houses, their antiquated appearance, and their dim and narrow casements, recal forcibly to the mind of the passenger the rude and barbarous period in which most of them were constructed. This isle, once the whole of Paris, is hardly a tenth part of the present capital; and, spite of its barbarous appearance, is interesting from the various historical events of which it has been the theatre. Bonhommie pointed out to me the spot in the *rue du Temple*, where the unfortunate Duke of Orleans fell under the poignards of assassins, hired by his uncle the Duke of Burgundy—a murder which gave rise to the most dreadful civil commotions that ever agitated France; and the house is still standing at the corner of the *rue Bethigny*, where the brave and unfortunate Coligny was cruelly and treacherously murdered, in the detestable massacre of St. Bartholomew. The hotel of the Salamander, once inhabited by the beautiful Duchess D'Elampes, the favourite of Francis the First, has been destroyed, and a common house erected on the site in the now narrow and paltry *rue del'Hirondelle*. The stone figure of the salamander, which once decked the Duchess's palace, has been carefully preserved, and stuck up over the gates of the modern building. The house is still standing in the Cour de Chartres, in which Heloisa resided with her uncle, the Canon Fulbert. Two medallions of the unfortunate lovers are still to be seen on its walls. Bonhommie pointed them out to me as we were passing on our way to the *Palais de Justice*.

Near the cathedral of *Notre Dame* is the *Palais de Justice*, formerly the residence of the kings of France, and now used for the courts of law. A noble staircase conducts you to the *grande*



*Salle des pas perdus*, which may be called the Westminster-hall of Paris; it serves as a promenade for the lawyers, and for those who are waiting the result of trials in the different courts to which it leads. It is most appropriately decorated with a statue of the courageous defender of the martyred Louis the XVI; the upright and unfortunate Malesherbes; he is placed between two figures, one of which represents France, and the other Fidelity. Beneath this hall is another of the same dimensions, which is supposed to have been formerly the kitchen of Louis the VIII. and is still called the *Cuisine de St. Louis*. Above the *Salle des pas perdus*, is the depôt of the archives of France, arranged in three vaulted galleries, constructed by order of Louis XV. A great part of the front being destroyed by fire in the year 1776, a new one was erected in a modern and elegant style; it presents a platform, to which you ascend by a noble flight of steps, which forms the basement of a projecting body of four Doric columns. Above the entablature is a balustrade; four colossal statues, of Justice, Prudence, Strength, and Abundance, are placed upon pedestals. A quadrangular dome surmounts the central projecting body; and two angels, placed at its base, support the arms of France. An arch on one side of the steps leads to the tribunal of police, and one on the other to the prison of the *Conciergerie*.

The chapel of the palace, called *La Sainte Chapelle*, erected by St. Louis, is the most perfect specimen existing of the architecture of the middle ages. Its ornaments are finished with the most exquisite delicacy, and its windows, the glass of which is adorned with paintings from Scripture, are admired for the truth of the paintings, and the beauty and variety of the colours. There are two chapels, one above the other; in the upper one is a small oratory, in which the warrior saint was accustomed regularly to hear mass.

The exterior of the *Palais* has a truly noble appearance, but its interior is disgraced by galleries in the same style as those of our Exeter-change. Nothing can surely be less in unison with the idea one forms of a palace, and above all of the palace of Justice, than a range of paltry pedlar's stalls, for in truth they do not deserve to be called any thing else.

The *Tribunal de premier Instance*, the *Cour Royale*, and the *Cour de Cassation*, all hold their sittings in the *Palais de Justice*. All causes, both civil and criminal, are brought, in the first instance, before the first of these courts; the parties have a right

to appeal from its decision to that of the *Cour Royale*; and, as a last resource, to that of the Court of Cassation, which confirms or annuls the sentences of other tribunals, but does not itself judge causes; its office being to ascertain whether the sentence is conformable to the law, and given with all the necessary formalities; it is the supreme court of appeal, and all the proceedings of the provincial tribunals come under its cognizance: where it quashes the sentence, it refers the parties to a competent tribunal. Its present president is a man of abilities, great legal knowledge, and undoubted integrity, M. Deseze; the junior counsel of the three allotted by the Convention to plead the cause of the unfortunate Louis the XVI., and the only one of them now living.

My reader will believe that I did not leave the *Palais de Justice* without entering the sanctuary of the goddess; or, in plain English, taking a peep at the courts of law. The eloquence of the French bar is not of a nature to afford much gratification to an Englishman; it is too studied, and too theatrical; the orator lets you see, almost as soon as he opens his mouth, that his object is to work upon your passions, and to enlist them, if he can, on the side of his client, without troubling himself much about convincing your understanding. Even he who has evidently the best side of a cause, seems to think less of making the most of his proofs than of making the most of his eloquence. This meretricious style of arguing suits the genius of a people whose sympathy is easily awakened, and who give themselves up, without reflection, to the impulse of the moment.

In cross-examining witnesses, their counsel are very inferior to ours in subtlety and quickness; but let it be said, also, to their credit, that they shew a degree of mildness and delicacy, which ours too often want. There is none of that "badgering a witness," by which I have frequently seen an honest man or a modest woman, thrown into confusion; the questions are put in a manner the least likely to hurt the witnesses' feelings, and the delicacy due to the fair sex is tenaciously observed.

The warmth of the counsel forms a strong contrast to the *sang froid* of the judges, who listen to the pleadings on both sides, with an appearance of the most immoveable coldness. One would be tempted to believe, in looking at them, that Justice was deaf as well as blind, for it is impossible to discern in their countenances the effect of the pleadings of the counsel.

It is only in criminal cases that the French enjoy the inestimable privilege of trial by jury; civil causes being always determined by the judges, who must be men of the most unshaken probity, and of the firmest resolution, in order to resist the temptations to which they are continually exposed both by plaintiff and defendant, each of whom has access to them. When the plaintiff's counsel has opened the case, and made it out as strong as he can for his client, the cause is adjourned for seven days, in which interval each party does what he can to convince the judges, in private, of the justice of his claims. On the eighth day, the defendant's counsel makes his *exposé*, and the judges then take seven days more to consider of it, and give their sentence on the eighth. As most causes go through the three courts, law affairs in France are tedious and expensive.

The stranger in Paris, who wishes to have a correct idea of all it contains, will find much pleasure in visiting the markets; they are twenty-six in number, and truly admirable for their extent and construction. Several of them existed previous to the Revolution, but many have been built since. The most remarkable is the corn-market, erected in the year 1762; it is circular, very spacious, and has a noble roof, in the form of a dome; the diameter is one hundred and twenty feet; it is composed of cast iron. Light is admitted at the top by a lantern, thirty-one feet in diameter. The only remaining relic of the ancient *hôtel de Soissons* is attached to this building; it is a column of the Doric order, at the top of which is an immense sun-dial, and at the bottom a fountain.

Nearly upon the spot where the Bastille once stood, an immense public granary of reserve is now built, or rather building, for it is not yet finished. It was begun with the idea of laying up, in years of plenty, a sufficient quantity of corn to supply the city in a season of scarcity. Economy has compelled the present government to abridge its original dimensions, but it will, however, contain grain enough for the consumption of the city, during nearly three months.

On the subject of the markets, I cannot withhold saying a word, *en passant*, of one of them, which I am sure all my fair readers would like to visit, that is, the *March eaux fleurs*; it is an extremely pleasant promenade, being planted with trees, and adorned with two very handsome fountains. All the flowers of



the season, in the greatest variety, beauty, and profusion, are exposed on Wednesdays and Saturdays for sale. The fair Parisians, all of whom have, or affect to have, a fondness for flowers, frequent this market. They come in all the charms of an elegant dishabille, to taste the morning air, make their purchases, and sometimes meet a favourite swain. I have frequently taken an early stroll through the flower-market of Covent-garden, and been delighted with its beauty and fragrance; but I must say, it is very much inferior to this.

Speaking of flowers leads me to mention the French custom of presenting bouquets on the birth-days, or rather on the name days, of their friends. This is one of the few old customs which have survived the Revolution, and is practised equally by all classes, from the highest to the lowest. But though the gift is still bestowed, the manner of offering it is very different, at least as far as regards the fair sex. Much of that chivalrous gallantry and excessive deference for the ladies, which was the characteristics of the old *regime*, have disappeared under the new. I had, however, an opportunity of seeing the ceremony in the old style on the name-day of the Marchioness de St. A, whom I found surrounded with these vernal offerings, and receiving the compliments and felicitations of her friends with the grace and vivacity of a *belle* of twenty. Each of her little circle had something complimentary to say on the occasion; one delivered an impromptu; which a gentleman next me whispered, had been composed for this occasion three months ago at least. Another presented a copy of verses: a third had arranged, as he said, his bouquet in the form of an oriental letter of compliment; and as we did not know the language of flowers, we were obliged to take his word for it. The offering of a fourth was a bouquet of *pensees* (thoughts.)

"You smile," said the Marchioness to me, "at seeing an old woman thus loaded with flattery and flowers; but even from this, my dear sir, the moralist may draw a lesson. These flowers are the emblems of life; to-day, fresh and blooming; to-morrow, withered: and, in looking on them, we are taught to blush for attaching a value to enjoyments so transitory."

A fresh visitor came very opportunely to interrupt the Marchioness, whose moral reflections, be it said, with all due deference, were rather trite. My readers will recollect my having spoken of this lady and her coterie as specimens of the old

school; they belong, in fact, to that age, of which Madame de Genlis has justly observed, that it is not only passed, but even the remembrance of it is almost effaced. It is difficult to describe the manners of those days, and still more so to define their charm, for a charm they have, maugre the disadvantages of a style too inflated, and a politeness too ceremonious; there is a grace and gaiety, an attention to the feelings of others, and, above all, a desire to please and to be pleased, which give me very favourable ideas of the French of former times, and throw a veil, in a great measure, over the frivolity, inconstancy, and levity, which are the national defects, making us doubt whether the march of mind in France has kept pace with the rest of Europe, during the last thirty years. It is true, the present race think more than their fathers did, but as a Frenchman is not, by nature, a reflecting animal, they have not, perhaps, gained by the change; and they seem to have lost, in some degree, the art of pleasing without acquiring that of making themselves more respectable; for the national vanity, always the most disgusting trait in the French character, which an excess of polish softened, if it could not entirely conceal, in the *Français de d'autrefois*, is disagreeably glaring in the less polished Frenchman of to-day, who considers it as a matter of course, that all foreigners should do homage to the superior merits of the great nation. A little prudence, however, on the part of a foreigner, will ensure him respect and consideration; he has only to avoid such subjects as would pique the national pride, and to give praise where it is really merited; then he will be sure to secure those attentions, which, though of no great value in themselves, are, nevertheless, pleasing, and sometimes useful, to a traveller.

I have already noticed the many advantages which a literary man may enjoy in Paris; one, and that not the least of them, is an introduction to literary society; which a respectable man can easily obtain, and it must be his own fault if he does not profit by it to gain the most valuable information on the different branches of science; as men of letters, generally speaking, are communicative and obliging. There are also several literary and scientific societies, to some of which strangers can obtain admittance. Those of my countrymen, whose taste lies another way, will not be sorry to learn, that there are also societies in which the noble science of good eating may be learned by

practice at a very moderate expense; these are not meetings of mere *gourmaunds*, but of musicians, authors, and singers, each of whom contribute in his way to the entertainment of the company. Strangers are not admitted as members, but it is easy to obtain the liberty of accompanying a member.

In speaking of the various things worthy of a stranger's attention in Paris, I must not forget the famous tapestry of the Gobelins, which, after all, are very improperly named; the Gobelin family were dyers only, and the first manufacturer of the tapestry was called Canaye. This establishment was made a royal manufactory by Louis the XIV., he placed Le Brun at the head of it, and, under that great painter, it acquired a reputation which it has since uniformly retained. It is impossible to do justice to the beauty of the work, which vies in brilliancy of colouring and faithful adherence to nature, with the paintings it copies. Until lately it has been executed in two ways, the *basse lisse* and the *haute lisse*. In the first, the loom is placed horizontally, in the other the workman has it before him. The former method has recently been entirely abolished, as it was found by experience that the other answered the purpose as well, and is not injurious, as the former was, to the health.

The pieces of tapestry, which connoisseurs think the finest, are the battles of Alexander, copied from Le Brun; but there are others on which, I am inclined to believe, my fair readers would bestow a more delighted attention. One of these is a picture of Maria Antoinette and her children. The queen is seated near a cradle with her youngest son, afterwards Louis the XVII., whom she has just taken out of it on her lap. Her eldest son, a boy of five or six years, looks at her, as if he longed to occupy the place of his brother; and her daughter, now the Dauphiness, is leaning in an attitude of infantine fondness, with her face half concealed against the queen's shoulder. Never was there a more perfect union of grace, beauty, and majesty, then in the royal martyr. Her fair and open forehead, and finely formed aqueline nose, give a dignity to her countenance, which is tempered by the blended vivacity and softness of her clear blue eyes, and the exquisite form of her small dimpled mouth. The child is half hidden in the fair bosom, which is about to minister to its nourishment.

(To be continued.)



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### THE TRAITOR'S GRAVE.

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BENEATH the shelter of a hedge, in a meadow a short distance west of Cardiff-castle, may, (or, might, at least a few years ago,) be seen a small mound of earth, ornamented during the months of summer, not only with the choicest flowers of the field, but also with many others which serve to decorate the gardens of the peasant; the cowslip, the primrose, the violet, and the wall-flower, flourished in wild but neglected luxuriance, while the rosemary and thyme loaded the air with their powerful perfume, and served to embellish the spot, during those months when the charms of their less hardy companions had shrunk beneath the chilling blasts of winter. No person claimed them as his own, or attended to them as they appeared, and both the flower and shrub seemed to spring into existence, apparently for no other purpose than

“To waste their sweetness in the desert air.”

The spot was known by the name of “the Traitor’s Grave,” and the circumstances connected with it are thus chronicled in the records of tradition:—

During the civil wars, when the victorious Cromwell, after having brought nearly the whole of England into subjection, by the matchless prowess of his arms, was proceeding with his accustomed rigour to chastise the few bold spirits who kept still firmly attached to the cause of the King; in the Principality he met with an unexpected opposition from the Governor of Cardiff-castle, who, notwithstanding the terror of Cromwell’s name, sent out a bold defiance in answer to the herald’s challenge, summoning him, in the name of the Parliament, to surrender; “I hold my castle from the king,” exclaimed the haughty Beauford, “and to him only will I give it up.” The stern puritan, enraged at this answer, and still more so at the unlooked-for obstacle, thus suddenly starting up to check, as it were, the rapidity of his conquests, commanded his officers instantly to commence the siege of the place, The command was hardly given ere it was obeyed; and trenches were dug, and batteries erected, with that rapidity which always marked the movements of the rebel army, when headed by the commander who this day led them on. The works were

not begun till some time after sun-rise, yet before noon the siege had regularly commenced, and the lofty battlements of Cardiff-castle rung with the sounds of the invader's cannon, as they

“ Roared aloud,  
And from their throats, with flash and cloud,  
Their showers of iron threw.”

At this time, when the enemy from without, and faction from within, threatened the castle with certain destruction, there were within its walls, besides the military who composed the garrison, several ladies, whose friends or relatives, anxious for their safety, had placed them there as beyond the reach of danger. Among these was Deva Milton, the orphan daughter of an old cavalier. No more is known of the maid, than that she was fair; whether in the opinion of the world or not, matters little; it is enough that she was so in the eyes of Walter Sele a young officer of the garrison. To him she was “ the fairest of the fair.” He loved her, and would, like every true lover, have forfeited his life to do her service. To her little chamber it was he repaired, when released from the duties of the day, and in her company was glad to forget for awhile the dangers which surrounded him.

It appears, however, that he was not the only person among the besieged, who was sensible of the charms of the fair Deva. The commandant himself, who, to his unshaken loyalty (almost his only virtue) added all that licentiousness and profligacy which characterised, in a greater or less degree, the reign of every monarch of the Stuart line; had also beheld, and admired her charms; but alas! beheld, and admired them with the most dishonourable feelings; and he seized what appeared to him a favourable moment, when the officers were engaged in more important matters, to gratify his lust.

Having gained admission into her apartment, he proceeded to flatter and menace by turns, but all in vain. The virtue of Deva Milton was alike proof against both; she upbraided him with his villany, and replied to his flatteries with taunts and reproaches. Enraged at her conduct, he seized her rudely, and was proceeding to gratify by force, both his revenge and his passion. His feeble victim shrieked aloud for assistance, but

the echoes of her own voice were the only answers she received. Spite of the resistance which she made, one moment more would have decided the struggle, and the fair Deva would have been fair no longer. At this crisis, the room-door yielded to the strong nerves of Walter Sele, who, snatching a pistol from his belt, rushed upon the villain whom he saw before him, and whom he would have instantly dispatched, had not the interference of the soldiers of the garrison prevented it. Being confined by the governor's order in a cell within the fortress, he contrived to escape, determining, in revenge, to betray the castle into Cromwell's hands—only stipulating for the safety and lives of those *then* within the walls of the castle.

When morning dawned, the royal standard of the unfortunate Charles floated not, as heretofore, above the lofty battlements of Cardiff-castle; and those who had defended it so stoutly and so gallantly, had either fallen sword in hand, or had departed to seek for shelter in some other fortress, that was still enabled to keep on high a little longer the well-known ensign of fast-falling royalty. One only of the former garrison remained; and he, with beating heart and anxious look, had twice already explored the intricacies of each apartment which the castle contained, in search of the object of his every hope and fear, but all in vain. Still coping with the grim fiend despair, he was in the act of doing so the third time when summoned, and upon refusing to obey, forced, into the presence of the iron-hearted Cromwell. Forgetting for an instant his private griefs, he stood before the tyrant, with such a noble and majestic mien, as awed all those around; and even the mind of Cromwell seemed for an instant to be undecided. But that it was not so in reality, his address to the person who stood before him plainly indicated:—

“Now then, proud cavalier,” cried he, “has not the promise which I made, been kept? Hath either maid or courtesan, for whom you dared to insult the troops of Cromwell, been violated? The life and freedom of the garrison was likewise promised, and it has been granted. Remember, when my word was pledged to this, thou was not one among them; therefore, I owe thee nothing, since it was to gratify thy own revenge, and not love for me, that thou hast betrayed thy party. Had the service which thou hast done us, been done with other mo-



tives, I would have thanked thee for it; as it is, I love the treason, but I hate the traitor.—Take then a traitor's just reward!" Quick as thought, the pistol of the tyrant left its belt, flashed, and Walter Sele lay weltering on the ground.

While the soldiers were in the act of interring, at the spot alluded to in the commencement of our narrative, all that now remained of the once brave, but ill-fated Sele, they were disturbed in their work, by the unlooked-for appearance of Deva Milton, who rushing eagerly forward, flung herself upon the lifeless corpse as it lay upon the green sward, in the dress it wore while living. In vain did one, more feeling than his companions, endeavour to soothe her afflictions. Deaf to his consolation, and regardless of all his entreaties, she clung to the object of her affection with such vehemence, that the men had some difficulty to tear it from her grasp, and even then, two of them were obliged to force her from the spot, while their fellows unfeelingly consigned the corse to its "mother earth." The hapless maiden, immediately the soldiers had closed up the earth and departed, returned again to search for her lover, exclaiming in a wild and incoherent manner, that she had "found her Walter," but, alas, fair maid! she had lost her reason.

Poor Deva lived for many years; lived to decorate the grave of him she loved with the choicest shrubs and flowers which she could gather together: when the frost of January threatened them with destruction, she would carefully cover them with straw, to be blown away perhaps by the next gust of wind; and when the clouds of Autumn withheld their accustomed tributary showers, she did not forget to water them. Summer and Winter, day and night, sunshine and rain, were all alike to Deva; equally insensible to each, she sat upon a stone, which her own hand had placed at the head of the grave.

Reader, if thou believest not the above account, search, I beseech thee, the pages of history, and be convinced for once of the Truth of Tradition!

D. D.

## NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DE VERE, or the Man of Independence. By the Author of "Tremaine."  
4 vols. 8vo. H. Colburn. London.

The announcement of a work by the author of "Tremaine," would, in itself, be sufficient to secure it a favourable reception from the public. To those who have read, (and who has not?) that excellent novel, it is unnecessary that we should offer our congratulations upon the appearance of a second, from the pen of the same Author. To the intrinsic merits of the work before us,—to the just pictures which it gives of character and manners, in the most elevated ranks of society,—together with the philosophical reflections and excellent precepts with which it is interspersed,—qualities, amply sufficient, in themselves, to insure for it a high degree of popularity,—has been added another cause which must make it as much sought after by the statesman and the politician as by the general reader.

Notwithstanding some deprecatory passages in the Preface, in which it is asserted, that no living individual is meant to be described in any of the characters of "De Vere," the public have, with universal consent, determined, that, in at least one instance, the author has with a fidelity, force, and effect, peculiar to himself, portrayed the character of the great statesman who now presides over the destinies of this country, while he has, in a spirit which approaches to what might almost be called prophetic, foretold the elevation of that statesman to his present proud and distinguished eminence, and sketched, with the hand of a master, the cabals and intrigues, which, it is now no secret, have preceded the event.

If, as is generally asserted, and as we believe, Mr. R. Ward be the author of "De Vere," few persons have had better opportunities of forming an estimate of the character of Mr. Canning; and if, as we have no doubt is the case, the description which he gives of that eminent man be just, what reason have we not to congratulate ourselves upon his appointment, in spite of faction and intrigue, to the helm of affairs, at a season of peculiar difficulty and danger, and when our only chance of safety seems to rest in the guidance of such a master-spirit as his? Have we not equal reason to thank our patriotic monarch, for his magnanimous assertion of his just prerogative, in opposition to the unconstitutional interference of those who for whatever purpose would control his legitimate rights?

"Bold is the task, when subjects grown too wise,  
Instruct a Monarch where his error lies;  
For though they deem the short-lived fury past,  
'Tis sure the mighty will prevail at last."

But we feel that we are treading upon dangerous ground, *ignes cineri suppositos doloso*, and as politics is a subject upon which the majority of our readers may possibly take little interest, it may be as well to refer to other parts of the work, in which other, and to our fair readers, at least, more interesting topics are introduced. Although ambition, as developed in the intrigues of party and struggles for power, is a prominent feature in the work before us, there is another, scarcely less prominent, and equally influential, and without which we have no hesitation in saying, that a novel, like human life, is without its greatest charm. Need we add, that it is love? The effect which this passion produces upon the hero;—the episodes which grow out of his affection for his lovely cousin;—the conflict arising in his mind from the opposite tendencies of the two master-passions; together with the exquisite descriptions of domestic happiness, as contrasted with the cares and perplexities of public life, even in the most elevated stations, are amongst the most admirable portions of the work.

The object which the author has in view, is not, however, to disgust his readers with official life; or to discourage those whose birth and education call upon them to take a part in the government of their country, from doing so, by a fear of the difficulties which may attend their career. He lays it down, on the contrary, as a maxim, that young men of birth and talents, and adequate fortune and connexions, have a duty to perform to their country, from which no apprehension of personal inconvenience ought to deter them.

De Vere, the hero of the novel, is a highly-descended and high-minded young man. In early life he is left dependent upon an elder brother, whose own fortune is curtailed, when compared with that enjoyed by his noble ancestors, and who is of a disposition which renders him extremely unwilling to curtail it still further, by devoting any portion of it to the education of his younger brother, who is left, like Orlando, with "a poor thousand crowns;" or, in other words, five hundred pounds for his patrimony. Their father had died in battle, and having only had time to make a soldier's will, he, ignorant of the disposition of his elder son, recommended his brother to his care, charging him to give him the breeding of a gentleman. The characters of the two brothers are thus described, and contrasted:—

"The General knew not what he did. It is scarcely possible to conceive two characters so much in contrast as those of the two De Veres. The one, cold, calculating, and close; proud, but without dignity; ambitious, but indifferent to public opinion; to his inferiors a tyrant, to his superiors a slave. The other, warm, nay, enthusiastic, particularly in his admiration of nature, and little mindful of consequences when his feelings were concerned. Yet, though high-minded and high-principled, he was aspiring rather than ambitious; open from disposition, but forced by situation into reserve. The elder was harsh, greedy, and over-bearing; qualities of which



his brother seemed both the object and the victim; the younger, generous and mild, except when oppressed, when he could assume an attitude which few could resist.

"The disparity of years, however, at first gave the elder an advantage over the younger, which he cruelly abused, by leaving him in the total want of everything befitting a gentleman's son. Whether as to education, the comforts, or almost even the necessities of life, Mortimer was equally destitute.

"This was a treatment, however, to which as he grew up Mortimer could less and less submit. His sense of it was sharpened by the knowledge which he had acquired (more than by tradition) of the former greatness of the De Veres. Fond of inquiry, even as a child, he had a natural turn for reading, which was only limited by the paucity of his then resources. But English history lay in abundance before him in the library; and the puissant De Veres figured with such power and brilliance in the earlier part of it, as to engage all his attention. This was heightened even to devotion, by a large and illuminated manuscript which his research had discovered on neglected shelves, in which the family history had been blazoned. Here, besides a long line of Norman heroes, he found that Edward, Earl of Oxford, who, in the days of Elizabeth, united in his single person, the character of her greatest "noble, knight, and poet."

"With such examples before him, secluded from the world in the solitude of his family mansion, "the moated house," the mind of the boy acquired the character by which he was distinguished in after-life. "The habit of thinking and acting for himself under difficulty and oppression, taught him to examine every thing and shrink from nothing; so that his mind seemed already formed at an age when other youths were still in the trammels of sameness and custom."

After laying in a stock of classical and general literature, under the tuition of a learned and worthy but eccentric divine, the incumbent of a neighbouring Vicarage, his elder brother dies, and, at the age of seventeen, he succeeds to his patrimonial estate, which, though scarcely adequate to the support of his rank, is sufficient at least to insure him those advantages of education and society befitting his birth. While on a visit to his mother, the Lady Eleanor De Vere, an amiable and high-minded woman, who is occupied with his two guardians, Dr. Herbert and Mr. Harclai, in discussions as to his future destination, they are surprised by a visit from the Earl of Mowbray, Lady Eleanor's brother, a minister of state. The motive of this nobleman's visit is to get an insight into the character of his nephew, to whose disposal, by the death of his brother, the representation of a certain family borough has fallen. By Lord Mowbray's advice, the youth is sent to Oxford, where he is placed under the care of Dr. Herbert, the president of a college, and a warm friend of the family. The character of this excellent divine, is one of the best drawn in the book, and it is not

improbable that in its delineation the author had in his mind's eye, a living dignitary of the church, who, like Dr. Herbert, is the friend and companion of those whose minds, in early life, he cultivated and prepared for the high stations which they adorn.

At the University, De Vere preserves his independence of character, and soon extorts from his companions that respect, which, from his simple and straight-forward character, as well as his refusal to associate with them in scenes of dissipation, they were inclined at first to withhold. Here he becomes acquainted with a person, who, under the *soubriquet* of the *parvenu*, becomes a prominent character in the novel. This person is a Mr. Clayton, who without any of the advantages of birth, connexion, or education, elevates himself to a certain rank in the political world, of which he is totally undeserving, and from which he is eventually hurled, overwhelmed with the disgrace which he has richly merited by his time-serving hypocrisy and false-heartedness.

After spending the usual time at college, De Vere visits his uncle, Lord Mowbray, by whom he is introduced to the political world, and where his heart is smitten by the beauty and accomplishments of his lovely cousin, the Lady Constance Mowbray. Although our limits will not permit us to make many extracts, we cannot deny our readers the description of De Vere's first and only love.

"The reader must not suppose that such a heart as we have described was insensible, merely because it was difficult to be won; or that what the models, which the females he had hitherto seen had not been able to afford, the sex itself could not supply. Pure country simplicity, or pure town refinement, could not satisfy De Vere; and the mixture of the two, such as his heart craved and his reason wished, was a happiness of which he began to despair. But besides this, he felt how much the sphere of choice was narrowed by his want of sufficient fortune; since the thought that he might be dazzled into love by either the consequence or the wealth of the female who might move him, filled him with horror.

"It was at the ball of the Litchfield races that De Vere's heart was doomed to meet its virgin encounter; and he was not the less excited, or the less pleased, from the circumstance that his admiration was kindled by an object, at the moment when he saw her, perfectly unknown to him."

While waiting for his uncle's party, "he beheld a young lady led up to the top of the dance, upon whom he found his eye could not look, without instant emotion. The most perfect form he had ever beheld, set off by the most graceful manner he had ever admired, challenged his curiosity, and gratified all his sentiment. Had she been plain, this would have been the instant effect upon one of De Vere's particular taste, which sought for its pleasure more in elegance of shape and address than even beauty itself. But her face and features were illumined with a meaning of such powerful expression, there were in them such sense and softness united, that a man of sense could not fail to admire, a man of feeling to love.

"Her complexion might be said to be naturally pale, but of such dazzling fineness, that you hardly wished for colour till it came. Then, indeed, the animation which it caused, and the intelligence which flashed from a dark and languishing eye, gave her a loveliness of expression such as we may suppose to belong to the angels.—Luckily, the least exercise, or even play of her mind in conversation always, called up this beautiful colour.

"De Vere followed her from the top of the dance to the bottom, and from the bottom to the top, and was pleased to observe the respect, which, when modest *retenue* is joined with grace, attends upon it, almost as by a natural law. The rural Thanes and their families opened everywhere to give her place, all apparently actuated with the same admiration as De Vere. It seemed, indeed, as she floated through the mazes of the figure, that all were content to acknowledge her superiority, and gazed upon her as if she had been

A fairy vision  
Of some gay creatures of the element  
That i' the colours of the rainbow lives,  
And plays i' the plighted clouds."

With this fair vision De Vere falls deeply in love, and from this moment she becomes the actuating principle of his existence. His sense of independence, however, deters him from making his passion known to the wealthy heiress of the house of Mowbray, at least until he has attained that eminence in the state which may compensate for the want of fortune. In the career of ambition he is, however, thwarted by his unwillingness to sacrifice his principles to office, and even his return to Parliament is retarded, for a time, by the low cunning and underhand machinations of Clayton. Subsequently, however, by the event of a law-suit, which puts him in possession of considerable estates, he is able to gratify his long-cherished wishes, while, by the elevation of his friend, Wentworth, to the premiership, he is enabled to take that part in public affairs, which the welfare of his country calls for, and his reason approves.

We have only room for one short extract, in which the character of Wentworth is partially developed, referring our readers to the work itself for a whole-length picture, and assuring them that they will be fully repaid by the perusal.

"De Vere's acquaintance with Mr. Wentworth arose out of the introduction of their mutual friend, Dr. Herbert.

"Mr. Wentworth had been made acquainted with all the oppressions and all the self-exertions of the moated house; and ardent himself, and still with perhaps some pent-up romance in his composition, which all the struggles and events of his life could not absolutely conquer, he conceived both liking and esteem for his young friend.

"On the other hand, De Vere saw in Mr. Wentworth, much, if not every thing he admired. He thought him, as in times a little further off, another



considerable minister was thought by one who well knew how to describe him, "a person of as much virtue as can possibly consist with a love of power; and his love of power no greater than what is common to men of his superior capacities." He admired and loved him, too, for many other qualities.

"But it is not easy to describe this able and accomplished person. His mind was an assemblage of all that could excite, and all that could sooth; his heart, the seat of an ambition, belonging, as it were to himself; equally above stooping to court or people, and which no fear of either could affright.

"With all this, his feelings were attuned to friendship, and his intellect to the pleasures of elegant cultivation. Thus he shone alike in the tumult of party, and the witchery of letters. In these last, he had been beautifully distinguished, and had many amiable associates, before he acquired his political eminence.

"In the senate his eloquence was like a mountain river, taking its rise from reason, but swelling its impetus by a thousand auxiliary streams of wit and imagination, which it gathered in its way. It is difficult, indeed, to say whether his wit, or his reasoning predominated; for such was the effect of both united, that never was reason so set off by wit, or wit so sustained by reason. The one was a running fire, flashing from right to left over the whole field of argument, so as to embarrass and paralyze his antagonists; while the other, when seriousness was resumed, struck down every thing that opposed, with the force of thunder.

"But he had a more powerful recommendation still to the favour of his auditors, whether in the senate or elsewhere. His politics, as his heart, were truly, I might say, insularly, British; and though he contemplated, and understood the Continent better than most who went before him, of the Continent it was his principle to steer clear, except in so far as it was connected with Britain. This did not fail to "buy him golden opinions with all sorts of persons," and he wound up all by a staunch adherence to his personal friends, not one of whom he had been ever known to fail or abandon. This made him the most loved, for his own sake, of all leaders out of the House, while in it, he reigned without struggle or compeer,—*nihil simile aut secundum.*"

In taking our leave of this admirable work, we have to express our hope, a hope in which we are sure all who have read it will join, that the popularity which De Vere must procure for its author, will act as a stimulant to fresh exertions; and we trust shortly to return to the pleasing task of reviewing another work of an author, who while he continues, as in that before us, to blend amusement with instruction, *lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo*, cannot fail, to adopt his own quotation, to insure to himself "golden opinions from all sorts of persons."

**THE CASTLE OF VILLEROY, or the Bandit Chief.** By Ann of Kent. London, 1827.

The story of the volume is this :—Count Montalbert, attended by “his trusty Carlo,” sets out on a night adventure, into the forest of Lamanca. After divers perils, they arrive at a ruined castle, where they are hospitably received by a ferocious-looking woodcutter. During their stay here, they find that the castle contains the beautiful Rosaviva, who is here incarcerated, by order of her father, because she would not accept Count Cordello as her husband. Montalbert determines on her liberation, which, after many changes and chances of fortune, he effects; and, in due time, obtains, as the reward of his chivalry, the hand of the fair captive in marriage.

To the class of works to which this volume belongs, we decidedly object. Works of taste and fiction ought never to pass the bounds of a fair and reasonable probability. The era of ghosts, midnight horrors, trap-doors, bloody spectres, &c. &c. &c. has passed away, we trust, for ever. Such works vitiate the taste of the readers; and, by high excitement, unfit it for more rational studies, or the more sober duties of life. “The Castle of Villeroy” has, in no respect, altered our opinion; but rather confirmed it. It possesses no redeeming quality, either in the point of the story, or the elegance of its language. It is a faulty composition, disgraced by many glaring errors, both in sense and grammar.

**EXCURSIONS OF A VILLAGE CURATE.** London. 1827.

It is one of the excellences of modern authorship, that it provides for the necessities of every class of readers. We use the word “necessities,” advisedly,—for the spread of education among the people has created a desire for knowledge, to meet which, the utmost efforts of authors, publishers, and printers, are required. The volume before us is one of modest pretensions; it is written in a style, which, if not distinguished by great ability, never offends by puerility or coarseness. The stories possess some interest, and are clothed in language which evinces a benevolent mind and a good spirit. We wish it a kind reception from the reading public.

**THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR:** with Village Stories, and other Poems, by John Clare. London. 1827.

Pastoral poetry, in skilful hands, cannot fail to please; yet it must, of necessity, possess such a sameness, as will, on repetition, divest it of much of its interest; it can never rise into grandeur, nor attract by its novelty. Such is the character of our rural poet. Like the river which glides, in unruffled meandering, through a wide extent of country, and which delights the eye, yet, does not, like the foaming cataract, awe the mind into mute astonishment. Both, however, have their beauties, and so has this volume. Amidst much which the critic may censure, it yet has redeeming qualities of sweetness and simplicity, which cannot fail to conciliate the public opinion and patronage in its favour.

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*Fashionable Evening & Morning Robe Dresses for May*

*Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.*

*Pub. May 1<sup>st</sup> 1827, by Dean & Munday, Trenchard Street.*

THE  
MIRROR OF FASHION,  
FOR MAY, 1827.

## MORNING ROBE.

AN OPEN-DRESS of fine jaconaut muslin worked entirely round, in a light, yet beautiful scallopped pattern: the skirt is cut very full, and fastens over the left side: the body is made close to the figure, with a falling cape, composed of three rows of worked muslin to correspond with the pattern of the skirt: the sleeves are *en gigôt*, with cuffs of worked muslin, confined with gold bracelets: the back of the dress is full, and finished round the waist with a sash of bright pink satin riband, confined with a gold buckle. A lace cornette, with falling lappets, edged with a fine narrow quilling, and ornamented with rows of pink gauze riband.—Red morocco slippers.

## EVENING-DRESS.

A DRESS of amber-coloured satin: the skirt is ornamented with two deep flounces of richly figured blond, caught up in the front by a bow of amber-coloured satin; each flounce is headed by a quilling of tulle, carried also round the border of the dress, which sets off this elegant trimming to great advantage. The corsage is *à la Sevigne*: the sleeves are very full; surmounted by a deep border of blond, with a full quilling round the band, to correspond with the skirt: a broad amber sash, with bows and long ends, confined at the left side, completes this elegant dress.—Pearl necklace, the clasp set in brilliants: ear pendants and brooch to correspond.—White kid gloves, and satin shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.—Nothing can possibly exceed the elegance of the head-dress at the present period: between the bows, which are very large, gold or silver tissue gauze is introduced, with great effect; it is most approved when gathered into bows, placed between the hair, and carried entirely round, and showing between the bows and front curls; which are drest very high in full, light curls.

These new and beautiful dresses were invented by Miss PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and the tasteful head-dress, by MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-within.

**GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.**

THERE have been but few changes in out-door costume since our last, owing to the extreme coldness of the weather, at this advanced period of the year, when the genial warmth of spring might be expected to shed its benign influence over the votaries of fashion. Pelisses of taffety and gros de Naples are, however, in preparation, and will be the favourite materials for walking dress.—Those of black and coloured levantine, are seen gracing the morning walks: they are elegantly finished at the bust, yet without any elaborate ornament: the sleeves are of a moderate width, and are surmounted with double mancherons. We have been favoured with the inspection of a most elegant pelisse of violet coloured taffety: the body is fitted close to the bust, and finished at the edge with a twisted silk fringe, which is continued round the bust, and down the sides of the skirt, in a sloping direction. The pelisse is confined at the middle by narrow bands reversed on each side, and ornamented at each end with a rich sick tassel: the sleeves are a little full, and are fastened by a band and tassel to correspond with the skirt. Another pelisse of dark lavender-coloured gros de Naples, is worthy of notice: the body is also made tight to the bust, and is ornamented with bias folds from the top of the shoulder to the bottom of the skirt, covering the front of the pelisse, and producing a very elegant effect. Silk mantles, of brown, fawn, and slate colour, are lined with some striking colour, and are very prevalent, both for the carriage and promenade. Pelerines are very general over high dresses of gros de Naples. Fur pelerines are now giving place to those that are lined with satin, the same colour and material as the gown. A few plain pelerines, of black velvet, are still seen when the weather is chilly.

Bonnets for walking-dress are plain, and usually of the colour of the pelisse, trimmed with bows of the same material. These bonnets are remarkably genteel. Black hats and bonnets, with elegant plumage, are still worn; but they are now chiefly of satin, or figured gros de Naples, in preference to velvet. The coloured bonnets for the promenade, tie down close: they are generally trimmed with bows of ribands, richly striped; though on some, a few early spring flowers have been remarked. A few carriage hats of white watered gros de Naples, have made their appearance; they are lined with cherry, or some other striking colour; the ribands and plumage, shaded. Leghorns are but very partially worn, owing to the coldness of the season,



but as soon as the fine weather sets in, these light, elegant, and appropriate bonnets, may be expected to resume their sway.

For home costume and half-dress, gowns of gros de Naples, of various colours, are, at present, the prevailing fashion; some are trimmed with several rouleaux, in festoons reversed; others with very broad bias folds, notched at the head, and trimmed at the edge with a narrow rouleaux of satin. The bodice is made quite plain; and ribands, tied round the wrists, are more in favour than bracelets. Many young ladies at evening parties, wear dresses of pink gauze with satin stripes: they are trimmed with two flounces, and the bust ornamented all round with a falling tucker of blond. At dress parties, white tulle, richly embroidered, is a favourite material for young ladies; taffety, levantine, and satin, for married ladies. On silk dresses are often seen a great many flounces, the same as the dress; these flounces are laid down in firm, full plaits, and have a beautiful effect. Dresses of rich materials, such as tabinet, &c. are generally trimmed with a handsome broad fringe, formed of chenille. Pelerines of blond lace, with large ends in front, are worn over dresses, as are also white gauze handkerchiefs, carelessly thrown over the shoulders; these handkerchiefs have coloured borders in beautiful brocaded patterns. Ball dresses are trimmed with rosettes of satin riband, at the border, placed at equal distances; the rosettes have long ends, which appear to fasten up a few delicate bouquets of small flowers. Round the waist is a riband with three ends, depending in front. We have seen a beautiful ball-dress, lately finished for a young lady of fashion: the border was trimmed with roses of crepe-lisse, with green foliage in satin: the corsage was of satin, trimmed with rouleaux: the skirt of the dress was of white tulle. Some corsages to white ball-dresses are of coloured satin. White dresses of Japanese gauze, are the favourite costume for splendid dress-ball: they are ornamented with bouquets of gold wheat-ears: the corsage of white velvet, laced in the manner of a corset.

Elegant caps of gauze, tulle, or blond, ornamented with coloured gauze, satin or flowers, are very prevalent in home dress, though berêts of every colour are still in favour. Bows of riband, and small flowers, or half wreaths of layer flowers, formed of feathers, adorn the tresses of young ladies in the afternoon, or in the dress circles at the theatres. Several white Turkish turbans have an *esprit* in front, composed of very small

flowers, whence issue delicate sprays of feathers, enriched with beads of polished steel. Several ladies, with dark hair, wear a bandeau of pearls for a head-dress, at evening parties: some rows of these valuable pearls, entwined among the bows of the hair, produce a charming effect.

The most fashionable colours are laurel green, marsh-mallow-blossom, blue, pink, and lavender.

### THE PARISIAN TOILET.

*Paris, April 20th, 1827.*

THE dresses at Longchamps, this year, have been light, elegant, and varied: the beautiful plain muslins, the rich feathered embroidery, and the brilliant shades of the colours, present unexceptional testimony to the good taste for which the Parisian ladies were always cited as a model.—Nevertheless there were no novelties very striking in the shape of the dresses. We merely remarked that nearly all the petticoats had folds on the front, and even round the border; a great many folds also to the corsages, with one or two small bands to fasten them round the bust. The sashes were placed a little lower than last year; the interminable gigôt sleeves are yet worn even wider if possible at the top, and always as narrow at the bottom.—We witnessed a number of gros de Naples, the colours green, iron-grey, and mallow; the most part trimmed with a high flounce, finished with a heading, or with a large bias: on some of these dresses the bias was of satin; with many were worn canezous of embroidered or plain muslin. Some very elegant pelisses of gros de Naples, or of rose-coloured satin, were also much admired. The rose was nearly the prevailing colour; on many hats of this colour, were placed branches of white and yellow flowers. Dresses of rose-coloured muslin, striped with black, or grey; others, ornamented with small bouquets, or birds, were much in favour. The muslins, figured with bird of paradise, were also in great number. The scarfs were pretty numerous: many of them were of cachemere, gauze, grenadine, and bird of paradise, plain; having only a deep fringe at the ends; others with large squares shaded in various colours. Some were also seen with large crossed stripes, the colours white and bird of paradise, on one side; and white and cherry colour, on the other. These scarfs, twisted on the bust, produced a beautiful effect.—The greater part of the canezous were without sleeves; few collars were seen falling over, a rich collar of tulle being substituted in their place. All the canezous of tulle were embroidered with feathers;

the bust was ornamented with designs forming brandenburgs, or garlands, which parting from the waist, spread in the form of a sheaf. Some brandenburgs, on canezous of embroidered muslin, were formed by small bands of muslin, surrounded with fine Mechlin lace.

Leghorn hats are worn here very large: to judge from the most elegant of them which were seen at Longchamps, their shape differs little from that of last year. The only novelty is in the graceful manner with which they are turned up behind, thereby relieving the neck, and correcting that enormous rotundity which is so unbecoming, particularly on ladies of small stature. A knot of ribands is twisted across the forehead, and passes through the bows of hair, confining the hat in front. Hats of pink, blue, and amber crape, ornamented with gauze ribands, flowers, and a deep black blond, at the edge, are in high estimation; they are confined under the chin with a knot of broad gauze riband, and bows are placed under the brim of the hat, intermixed with small flowers. The intermediate hats, between the winter and summer fashions, are for the most part of gros de Naples, watered, or of satin; a great number are white, ornamented with large knots of ribands, half gauze, and half satin; at the edge is a blond, which, from its depth, resembles a half veil.

We shall now describe to our fair readers, two of the most admired dresses of the month.—The first is a pelisse of light lavender-coloured gros de Naples, ornamented down the front with a broad bias fold, widening towards the border, and continued round the skirt; the edge is finished with a rouleau and puffings of gros de Naples: a double pelerine, with the same trimming: the sleeves are cut very full, and confined at the wrists with a cuff to correspond with the skirt. With this elegant pelisse is worn a collerette of gauze and blond. Crepe hat of amber colour, ornamented with gauze and flowers.

2.—An opera-dress of pea-green gros de Naples, ornamented at the border with a double flouncing, in waves, each wave filled up with a trimming of gros de Naples: the body is low and full, finished with a small cape, formed in a point at the centre of the bust, and on each shoulder: a canezou of white gauze, edged with narrow blond, completes this beautiful dress.

Hat of white crape, ornamented, with plumes and blond.



THE  
APOLLONIAN WREATH.

## STANZAS.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN BIRMINGHAM CHURCH-YARD,

24th June, 1826.

There is a common superstition, that any one entering a church-yard on Midsummer night, will behold the spirits of such of their friends as are destined to die that year.

THE midnight bell has toll'd, and here  
No creature breathes but me;  
It is an hour for awe, not fear,  
And my soul's thoughts roam free.  
'Tis said, the spirits of the dead  
Now o'er the churchyard pace;  
Why should I fear a deathly brow,  
As pallid as my face?

The hearts that lie entombed there,  
Are not more cold than mine;  
The breath those forms have ceas'd to bear,  
How fain would I resign!  
In rotting flesh—in livid lips,  
No horrors I perceive;  
Far less corrupt such hearts may be,  
Than living ones I leave.

The tenant of yon grave could not,  
In his cold clammy clasp,  
Chill my soul more than once 'twas chill'd  
By altered friendship's grasp.  
Come on, in winding sheet and pall;  
Come, in your pomp of death;  
Your icy lips are truer all,  
Than lips of sweetest breath.

Ye will not flatter me to-day ;  
To-morrow, wring my heart :  
Ye will not smile, and then betray ;  
Lure on—and then depart.  
Ye cannot wear the rosy smile,  
That woman's witchery wears ;  
But then ye do not bear the while,  
The treachery she bears.

What ye are, I must be—I feel ;  
That doom no power can bar :  
Wake, then, ye spirits, and reveal  
One secret,—what ye are ;—  
Are ye forgetful as you're dumb ?  
And senseless as you're cold ?  
Does no remembrance ever come  
Of all your hours of old ?

Does not the earthly bed I view  
Around your body knit,—  
Wake thoughts—e'en whilst it lies on you—  
Of some who breathe on it ?  
Are hush'd your dreams of good or ill ?  
Are all fond ties forgot ?  
Or do your spirits wander still  
Round some enchanting spot ?

Do babes in your remembrance live ?  
Does Love a memory crave ?  
Do thoughts that through a life endured,  
Live on within the grave ?  
Appear and speak—my quiv'ring flesh  
May wear the garb of fear—  
My spirit wakes unquench'd and fresh,  
And dares the worst to hear—

'Tis silent all—'tis right, 'tis well,  
Few years are left to me ;  
A little time—and I may tell  
All I now ask of thee.  
Some few moons hence—as chill a bed,  
For me the peasant delves ;  
And I shall be as wise ;—but, ah !  
As voiceless as yourselves.

No matter—o'er my nameless grave,  
 No pitying drop will fall;  
 No lovely eye my shroud will lave,  
 No lip my name recal—  
 No blood of mine in living veins,  
 Will flow when I am gone:  
 Of me, and mine, there now remains,  
 Encumb'ring earth, but one.

Ye dead—I shall sleep sound as thee,  
 Though tears bedew me not;  
 How still—how calm, that sleep will be,  
 Forgetting and forgot—  
 My quenchless spirit, then may forth  
 To worlds' more bright, more dear;  
 And meet the form beloved on earth,  
 In a diviner sphere.

WILLIAM LEMAN REDE.

### THE ROSE.

TO MISS E. W——.

EMMA! see the blooming Rose,  
 Queen of flowers! now disclose  
 Blushing beauty, Nature's hue,  
 Graces opening to the view!

Withered, pale, and dead, to-morrow  
 You will see, with gentle sorrow,  
 All its fragrance fled and gone,  
 All its graces ever flown!

Tears in pity seem to fall,  
 Tears in vain its fate recal;  
 If those tears in pity start,  
 Wisdom let its fate impart!

Think, oh! think, that, like the Rose,  
 Beauty's fleeting blooms disclose;  
 Features, even such as thine,  
 (Like the Rose) won't always shine.

April 22nd, 1827.

J. W. J.



## AFAR IN THE DESERT.

AFAR in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :  
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,  
And, sick of the present, I turn to the past ;  
And the eye is suffused with regretful tears,  
From the fond recollections of former years ;  
And the shadows of things that have long since fled,  
Flit o'er the brain, like the ghosts of the dead.  
Bright visions of glory, that vanished too soon ;  
Day-dreams, that departed ere manhood's noon ;  
Attachments, by faith or by falsehood reft ;  
Companions of early days, lost or reft ;  
And my *native land* ! whose magical name,  
Thrills to my heart like electric flame—  
The home of my childhood,—the haunts of my prime,—  
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,  
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,  
Like the fresh bowers of Paradise opening to view !  
All, all, now forsaken, forgotten, or gone—  
And I, a lone exile—remembered of none—  
My high aims abandoned—and good acts undone—  
A weary of all that is under the sun,—  
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,  
I fly to the Desert, afar from man.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :  
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,  
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife ;  
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,  
And the scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear ;  
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,  
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy ;  
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,  
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh—  
Oh, then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,  
Afar in the Desert alone to ride !  
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,  
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,  
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,  
(The only law of the Desert land ;)   
But 'tis not the innocent to destroy,  
For I hate the huntsman's savage joy.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:  
Away, away from the dwelling of men,  
By the wild deer's haunt, and the buffalo's glen;  
By vallies remote, where the oribi plays;  
When the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartehest graze;  
And the gemsbok and eland unhunted recline  
By the skirts of gray forests o'ergrown with wild vine;  
And the elephant browses at peace in his wood;  
And the river gambols unscared in the flood;  
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will  
In the Uley, the wild ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:  
O'er the brown Karror, where the bleating cry  
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;  
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,  
In fields seldom freshened by moisture or rain;  
And the stately koodoo exulting bounds,  
Undisturbed by the bay of the hunter's hounds;  
And the timorous guagha's wild whistling neigh  
Is heard by the brak fountain far away;  
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste  
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste;  
And the vultures in circles wheel high over head,  
Greedy to scent and to gorge on the dead;  
And the grisly wolf, and the shrieking jackal,  
Howl for their prey at the evening fall;  
And the fiend-like laugh of hyænas grim,  
Fearfully startles at twilight dim.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,  
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:  
Away, away, in the wilderness vast,  
Where the white man's foot hath never passed;  
And the quivered Koranna, or Bechnan,  
Hath rarely crossed with his roving clan;  
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,  
Which man hath abandoned from famine and fear;  
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,  
And the bat flittering forth from his old hollow stone;  
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,  
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;

And the bitter melon, for food and drink,  
Is the pilgrim's fare, by the salt lake's brink:  
A region of drought, where no river glides,  
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;  
Nor reedy pools, nor mossy fountain,  
Nor shady tree, nor cloud-capped mountain,  
Are found—to refresh the aching eye:  
But the barren earth, and the burning sky,  
And the blank horizon round and round,  
Without a living sigh or sound,  
Tell to the heart in its pensive mood,  
That this is—*Nature's Solitude!*  
And here—while the night-winds round me sigh,  
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky,  
As I sit apart by the caverned stone,  
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone,  
And feel as a moth in the Mighty Hand  
That spread the heavens and heaved the land;  
A "still small voice" comes through the wild,  
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),  
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,  
Saying, "*Man* is distant, but *God* is near!"

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### THE HERO OF COLOMBIA.

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WEAVE, weave the patriot's crown,  
Weave the wreath!  
Blow the trumpet of renown,  
Give it breath!  
THOU hast earned them in the fight—  
Thou sword of Freedom's war,  
Thou combatant for right,  
Bolivar!  
Here's glory all thine own!  
Can the light  
That glitters round a throne,  
Shine so bright?  
Can the crown or regal name,  
The sceptre or the star,  
Gain hearts, like thy free fame,  
Bolivar?



Has ambition led thee on?

'Tis a sway

That mighty hearts have known,  
In their day.

For the victor's laurel meed,

Didst thou dare the battle-scar?

Or for riches didst thou bleed,

Bolivar?

No, no! a holier cause

Claimed thy sword:—

'Twas Freedom, country, laws,

Gave the word!

And when the sabre's gleam

Called Freedom from afar,

Thou wert honour's purest beam,

Bolivar!

If Orinoco's waves

Wash no land

Of helots and of slaves,

'Twas thy hand

That rent the leaden chain,

Which dragged them at the car

Of fierce and sullen Spain,

Bolivar!

The Andes speak thy fame;

And the shore

Of the ocean tells thy name,

Liberatore!

While the hearts are turned to thee,

Their glorious guiding star,

In the world thou hast made free,

Bolivar!

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#### NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. has had a letter, ere this, by post. We thank him for his packet, which reached us in safety.

"Precept and Practice," will find early insertion.—We admire the Writer's poetic talents, and should be glad to receive her further contributions.

"Nobody's Address," is intended for our next number.

"Treachery and Sorrow," by H. is received.

Our Review of De Vere has so far exceeded our usual limits, that we have been obliged to defer the notice of several works of great interest till our next.

Song, by J—, and the Translation of an Ode of Horace, in our next.

"The Silent Man," is received.—We probably may take an early opportunity to make him speak to our readers.

We have only time to acknowledge the receipt of Rosella's packet.

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or-



*Painted by Newman.*

*Engraved by W. Heath.*

*Robt. Hon. George Canning, M.P.  
Chancellor of the Exchequer & first Lord of the Treasury*

*Pub. June 1827, by Dean & Munday, Threadneedle Street.*